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NOV. 15, 1884

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—A TROOPER (KING'S ROYAL RIFLES) OF THE CAMEL CORPS

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

COPROMISE.—Some days ago it appeared all but certain that the dispute about Redistribution was to be speedily and satisfactorily settled. It soon became obvious, however, that the difficulty was not to be so easily got over as most people had imagined. Mr. James Lowther, who has never disguised his opposition to the extension of the franchise, suddenly proclaimed that no compromise could be accepted by the Conservative party; and he was followed in the same tone by Mr. Chaplin and Lord John Manners. Now no one knows whether the controversy is to be brought to an end by the House of Lords or not. Should the Conservatives decide to continue the struggle, they will have little right to claim, as they have hitherto done, that they are the "moderate" party in the State; for there is nothing in the slightest degree extravagant in the proposals made to them by Mr. Gladstone. What he asks is simply that they shall let him know the lines on which a Redistribution Bill ought, in their opinion, to be drawn. If they do this, and if it turns out that Liberals and Conservatives hold essentially the same principles, a Redistribution Bill will be introduced without delay, and it will pass almost as easily through both Houses as the Franchise Bill has already passed through the House of Commons. A more reasonable offer has never been made by a Prime Minister to his opponents; and if it is rejected, the Liberals will be justified in concluding either that the Conservatives have no definite convictions about Redistribution, or that their only aim in this prolonged and tiresome controversy has been to force a Dissolution. It may still be hoped that a compromise will be arrived at, for it is scarcely conceivable that Lord Salisbury's followers will fail to avail themselves of a good opportunity of escaping from a dangerous position. Extreme Radicals would be delighted if the majority of the Peers voted against the Franchise Bill, and this is the best of all reasons (from the point of view of the Upper House) why the measure should be accepted.

TRADE DEPRESSION.—This is a vast subject, requiring considerable space for adequate treatment. Here we only venture on a few brief remarks. According to the figures furnished by Lord Granville and others, the alleged depression of trade does not exist, except in the case of one or two industries, such as iron and shipping, for the stagnation existing in which special causes can be assigned. The iron trade is depressed, because just at present there are not many railways to construct or ships to build; the shipping interest is depressed because there are more vessels afloat than are needed for the cargoes and passengers awaiting conveyance. All this is doubtless true, and it may be also true that statistics show no diminution in the general volume of trade, but though the volume may be as great as ever, the dealers' profits (which, of course, cannot be shown in these official returns) may have seriously diminished. And this actually is the experience of persons conversant with commercial transactions. Plenty of business is being done, but people think themselves lucky if they can obtain a very narrow margin of profit. This readiness to be satisfied with a small gain is in some measure the cause of the remarkably low prices now ruling in various raw materials. Whatever it may be—sugar, wheat, rice, cotton, or wool—so long as the smallest profit appears to be obtainable, the capitalist steps in and increases the area of production. Thus, at the present moment, in spite of the constant increase of population, the world's supply of food and other necessities seems fully abreast of the demand. These low prices may be bad for the merchant; but they are good for the consumer, and they render the privation inflicted on the poor by slackness of employment less severe than it would otherwise be. Let us beware, therefore, of imitating the example of the French Government, who are about to impose a small duty on cereals. If this duty fails to raise prices, it does not benefit the farmer; if it does raise prices, it lessens the size of the poor man's loaf. The only true way in which legislation can benefit farmers without hurting other people is by removing every obstacle which hinders the proper cultivation of the land, and by shifting some of those local burdens, which now press with undue weight upon cultivators of the land, on to the shoulders of the community at large.

STREET PAGEANTS.—The Lord Mayor's Show was a very grand affair this year, and being favoured by beautiful weather attracted enormous crowds. Nothing could have been better than the behaviour of the people, for there was a remarkable absence of the hustling, horseplay, and drunkenness which used formerly to attend this pageant; but the mere accumulation of numbers at different points of the route was enough to cause some serious accidents, and means will have to be taken to prevent these on future occasions. It is not at all desirable that the Show should be abandoned, for it has rather gained than lost popularity; but London has now grown to be such a huge place that it is unsafe to collect vast crowds in any one quarter unless precautions are taken for controlling them. In the case of a procession it is absolutely necessary to keep the whole of the roadway clear by admitting into the street only so many people as the pavements will conveniently hold. This is the rule when

there is a Royal progress in State; but on Monday the Lord Mayor and his *cortege* of bandsmen, horses, elephants, and camels had literally to plough their way through a surf of human beings, and at several points of the route the procession was broken up. It is a marvel that accidents were so few. For the future it would be well to treat Lord Mayor's Day frankly as a City holiday, and to prohibit all heavy traffic. Most of the carts, waggons, and vans that came out on Monday were blocked in the side streets for hours; and though but little business was done in the City or the Strand, thousands of people who thought that business was going on as usual tried ineffectually to reach this place and that, got hemmed in, and added to the confusion. Let us hope that the Show will be indirectly the means of getting the Strand near the Law Courts widened, for this has now become a very necessary improvement. Passing only through broad streets lined with troops, and having all their side approaches guarded by police, the Lord Mayor's pageant might be rendered much more imposing than it now is—and harmless at the same time.

LORD NORTHBROOK'S PROPOSALS.—No official statement has yet been made as to Lord Northbrook's proposals; but if we may trust reports which are generally accepted, he advises that England should lend Egypt eight millions of money, that she should give up a part of the interest on her deferred shares in the Suez Canal, and that she should bear a portion of the cost of her army of occupation. If these suggestions have really been made, it will be difficult for foreign critics, who are always accusing us of "egoism," to pretend that they spring from a purely selfish motive. So far as it goes, Lord Northbrook's scheme seems to be sound, and probably Parliament would be perfectly willing to accept it. Unfortunately, however, it is likely to give occasion to another of those declarations which have already done so much mischief, to the effect that England intends very soon to withdraw from Egypt altogether. Now, it is very certain that England will do nothing of the kind—and for a very simple reason: because she cannot. It is greatly to be desired, no doubt, that there were in Egypt adequate materials for the formation of an independent, strong, and honest government; but the plain fact is that no such materials exist. The retirement of England would mean the supremacy of greedy Pashas and adventurers, whose tyranny would quickly render the intervention either of this country or of some other Power absolutely unavoidable. England cannot take upon herself such a responsibility as that, and it would be far better to say openly that she does not propose to do so than to go on pretending that she has undertaken a task which will be speedily accomplished. It may be said that no great harm is done by professions which at least represent a sincere wish; but in reality they do very serious harm. They make it difficult for the Egyptian people to believe that order in the true sense is safe in their country, and as long as this uncertainty lasts there cannot be a general revival either of industry or trade.

COMMERCIAL SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Merriman on Tuesday evening, at the Royal Colonial Institute, delivered an interesting address on this subject. It would have been still more interesting if it had been less fatiguingly crammed with statistics. A few broad arithmetical facts are allowable, but masses of elaborate figures should be quietly handed to the newspaper reporters, and "taken as read." We make this criticism because we want the public at large, and not merely South African colonists or merchants, to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of that region. At present the public are wont to regard South Africa as William the Fourth regarded Lancashire during the days of Chartist. Meeting the Mayor of Manchester at a banquet, he saluted the municipal dignitary with, "Well, Mr. Mayor, all quiet in Manchester, eh?" And the average Britisher takes much the same desponding view concerning the Cape region. Mr. Merriman teaches us that South Africa, like some other folks, is not so black as she has been painted. He shows that, in spite of all the wars and rumours of wars during recent years, she is not the "ugly duckling" of our colonial brood which she is supposed to be. The progress during the last fifteen years is marvellous, considering all the intestine troubles which have occurred, and considering also the fact that in South Africa, including the two independent Republics, there are less than half a million persons of white descent. The railway mileage, which was about *nihil*, is now equal to that of a go-ahead Australian colony; three practically new industries have come into existence, ostrich-farming, diamond-digging, and the growth of mohair wool; while the native blacks, who, large though their numbers are, are merely the advance guard of uncounted millions in the interior, are eager and willing to become excellent customers to our manufacturers. After hearing Mr. Merriman, no one will be inclined to cry "Perish the Cape of Good Hope!"

CLERICAL INCOMES.—There were many good things in a letter from Mr. E. V. Bligh to the *Times* on the subject of Church reform; but, as the Bishop of Peterborough said in the House of Lords last year, "The Church has many enemies who are interested in its abuses, and they will not let us carry out any reforms by which the Church would be strengthened." Not till the days of Disestablishment will it be possible to give effect to Mr. Bligh's idea of equalising the incomes of rectors and vicars, for this would involve the

abolition of lay patronage; nor is it by any means certain that the Church would be materially improved if some of its anomalies were suppressed. The great variety now existing in the mode of presentation to benefices has been conducive, after all, to much independence among the clergy, and has also tended to bring all kinds of able and good men to preferment. A uniform system of appointment would never have yielded such good results as the system which divides Church patronage between the Crown, the Bishops, the Universities, sundry Corporations, and a multitude of laymen. As to the question whether the appointment of incumbents for life does not sometimes act prejudicially upon parishes, there is much to say on both sides. When a parish receives as vicar a man in the prime of life, who is manifestly unfit for his duties, the prospect of having to endure such a person for perhaps forty or fifty years is undeniably hard: it foments dissent, or, worse still, indifference. On the other hand, the value of a clergyman's parish work must not be judged by his eloquence as a preacher, for the most popular and useful ministers are often men of third-rate abilities. Again, it must be remarked that Bishops in these days are far more particular than was formerly the case as to the kind of men whom they admit to Holy Orders. Mr. Bligh seems to think that if clergymen were appointed to their benefices for ten years only, and were liable not to be reappointed in case of bad behaviour, we should hear much less of disobedience towards Bishops. But we might witness too much of subserviency. The Miles-Platting case was deplorable, but, with all the independence of the clergy, there have not been many such cases.

CROFTERS.—It is much to be regretted that the Skye crofters should have been tempted to disobey the law. No good to them or to any one else can come of that; and it may be hoped that their friends will even yet be able to persuade them to act with caution. Their imprudence ought not, however, to withdraw attention from the fact that they and the crofter class generally have very serious grievances. This was amply proved by the Royal Commission which lately investigated their condition; and if the Government had declared in good time, as they ought to have done, that they meant as soon as possible to consider the proposals of the Commissioners with a view to definite action, there is no reason to suppose that the present disturbance would have arisen. Crofters have not hitherto been easily aroused to a mood of passionate defiance, and it is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone, if he had pleased, might have pacified them. It is sometimes said that, after all, they are suffering only from the operation of unchangeable economic laws; but from their point of view that is a very unfair statement of the case, for they contend that the pasture lands of which they have been deprived are lands to which they have a right. And, apart from the question of right, they hold that it is better for the country that the land should maintain a vigorous and contented peasantry than that it should be made into sheep farms and deer forests. It is astonishing that the magnates of the Scottish Highlands and Islands do not bestir themselves to render the intervention of Parliament unnecessary. Those who know the crofters as a class most intimately assert that it would not be very difficult for their landlords to satisfy them, if the landlords would take the trouble to examine the subject for themselves. Unfortunately, on most estates the factor is practically the supreme authority; and, as a rule, he naturally considers that he has no other duty than to promote the interests of his employer according to the strictest letter of the law.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.—Unlike ourselves, the French are averse to trumpeting forth ill news. This reticence has its advantages in some respects, but it is not free from objection. A fortnight ago, few persons, except the officials who were in the secret, knew that the cholera had for some time been raging at Aubervilliers, a suburb which topographically is to Paris what Hackney is to London. Even now, when the pestilence has effected a lodgment within the city itself, there is a tendency to minimise the reported mortality. If this sort of thing is carried too far, people cease to believe in the returns, and all sorts of wild rumours are spread, and with the result that panic sets in. Thus far it has been commendably absent in Paris. It was panic, rather than cholera, which cost so much money and inflicted so much misery this summer both in Southern France and in Italy. The doctors seem as powerless as ever to discover any remedy against the cholera, but as experience shows that its outbreak in large cities usually begins in the slums, though by no means confined to them, one feels that if the three demons, Poverty, Unthrift, and Uncleanliness, could be exorcised, the ravages of the cholera might be kept within moderate limits. It is sad to learn that in Paris, the "centre of civilisation," a city which Victor Hugo would fain regard as the bright particular star and exemplar of the world, there should be half a million people in a semi-starving condition. The numbers may be exaggerated, but there can be little doubt of the fact as regards a large multitude of persons. Not only in Paris, but in all the great towns both of the Continent, of the United States, and of this country the gay garment of society is thus embroidered with this squalid fringe of misery. The causes of this wretchedness are manifold—the means of relief must be manifold also. The cholera will have done good, if it teaches us to cope more earnestly than ever with this gigantic evil.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN FREEMASONS.—It will not be easy to reconcile the differences between the Grand Orient of France and the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons. The former have complained that the French Masons are no longer received at the meetings of the English Lodges; but the reason of this is that the invocation to the Supreme Architect—in other words, the recognition of the Deity—has been suppressed in the rites of the French Lodges. This is also the case in Belgium, and the Masons who have thus denied the Architect of the World are really, in Masonic parlance, mutinous brothers who have broken with the discipline of their Order. There can be no doubt on this point, and fellowship between English and foreign Masons has ceased to be possible since there is no common ground of understanding between them. In Roman Catholic countries the condemnation of Freemasonry by the Church has caused the objects of the Brotherhood to become more and more political in their character; in England politics are distinctly excluded from the business of the Lodges. Not only so, but the comparative mildness of political struggles in this country is due, at least in part, to the solid bond of amity which exists between all our Masons, compelling them to seek occasions of concord in all public and private affairs. It will be remembered that Lord Ripon was converted to Roman Catholicism through having undertaken, as Grand Master of the English Lodges, to refute the Pope's position against Freemasonry. His studies led him to the conclusion that the Pope was in the right, and he left the Brotherhood, though had he remained in it he would never have heard either his religion or his political opinions assailed at Masonic meetings. One need not inquire whether the Masons were excommunicated by Rome because the foreign Lodges were aggressive, or whether these Lodges became aggressive because they were excommunicated; but it is certain that, as good Catholics are not allowed to become Masons, the Order is in many foreign countries recruited from among men who are at war with Religion generally. These persons have not scrupled to use the organisation of Freemasonry for electoral purposes, and for the propagation of heterodox literature. They have therefore entirely cut themselves off from communion with the peaceful labours which English Masons pursue.

PROTECTION v. FREE TRADE.—It was semi-officially stated the other day that the French Cabinet had "pronounced itself in favour of levying a duty on foreign corn." The amount of the proposed duty has not yet been fixed; but the principle, it is said, is "to give agriculture a protection as nearly as possible equal to that granted to other industries." What a contrast such an announcement as this presents to the glowing anticipations of English Free Traders at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws! Mr. Cobden and his friends had then no doubt that the whole civilised world would soon follow our example, and brilliant indeed were the prospects which the acceptance of their doctrines was to secure for mankind. For some reason or other, however, our neighbours and rivals show not the slightest disposition to walk in our footsteps. On the contrary, they seem to be more firmly convinced than ever that Protection, not Free Trade, is the most vital condition of national prosperity. Most English Liberals are persuaded that, if foreign nations prefer darkness to light, this country, at any rate, will always be enthusiastic in its support of what they hold to be economic orthodoxy. They may be right; but the absolute confidence which they invariably express may, perhaps, be a little premature. In the first place very little is really known as to the opinions of the working classes on this subject. The Trades Union Congress declines even to discuss the proposals of those who call themselves Fair Traders; but the Trades Union Congress happens to be dominated by a few Radical politicians, and there may be multitudes of working men whose convictions it does not fully represent. Again, Parliament is about to admit to the franchise two millions of new electors, most of whom are agricultural labourers; and who can tell for what measures the agricultural labourers will give their votes? Protection, whatever other result it might have, would certainly raise their wages; and this is an aspect of the controversy about which they are likely to hear a good deal from Protectionist candidates and agitators. The South Warwickshire election has shown pretty clearly the tendency of opinion among farmers, and it will not be surprising if agricultural labourers are found to agree with the class with which they come most directly and most frequently into contact.

FRESH FISH CULTURE.—The *Times* on Monday inclined to disparage Mr. Chambers' proposal for artificially breeding and rearing fresh-water fish. Dr. Lyon Playfair, however, who has seen the practical working of this idea in the United States, takes a much more sanguine view. The Americans, who are a shrewd people, are acclimatising the German carp on a large scale. These fish are evidently more palatable than the tasteless creature of that name which inhabits our ornamental waters. And, setting aside carp, the eel, which the monks in old days cultivated so assiduously, certainly deserves greater multiplication. At present the demand far exceeds the home-grown supply, so that most of the eels which figure in pies and elsewhere come from Holland. Let us, then, be up and doing. In country places, where even now sea-fish is not easily attainable, except by the rich, an occasional dish of

eels or carp would form an agreeable relief to the perpetual bacon, red herring, and rare apparition of butcher's meat which forms the animal dietary of the poor. But there is more in Mr. Chambers' proposal than fish only. We have often referred before now to the idea we are about to mention. We should like to see the organisation of a body to be called by some such name as the Ponds and Reservoirs Conservancy, with powers to construct receptacles for water (or improve those already existing) all over the country. These reservoirs would not merely act as breeding-places for fish; they would furnish water for domestic and irrigating purposes (rural folks are often put to great straits for drinking water in droughty summers), they would be available for boating and swimming in the warm months, and (when Jack Frost gave the signal) for skating and curling in the winter. Such a reservoir in the neighbourhood of every small country town would be the source of constant advantage and enjoyment.

RAILWAY WAITING-ROOMS.—With the complaints about over-pressure Mr. Mundella must be a much-worried man; but as we know that his ambition, both as an official and an individual, is to disseminate knowledge by all manner of means, might we suggest that a fine field lies open to him in the improvement of railway waiting-rooms? He cannot dictate to the railway companies, nor can Mr. Chamberlain; but Ministerial influence might do much towards persuading the companies to make the walls of their waiting-rooms instructive. In the principal French railway stations there are admirably-executed maps in relief of the country through which the lines pass. Such maps are always useful; but it would be well also if, in the waiting-rooms of every provincial station, there were hung up a plainly printed account of the adjoining town, and of the objects of interest in its neighbourhood. How often it happens that a traveller, having two or three hours to spend in a town, wastes them in a desultory walk or in loafing near the station, because he knows nothing of the place? If some paper on the wall of the waiting-room informed him of the town's history, of its archaeological relics, curiosities, natural beauties, special products, manufactures, &c., his time of waiting might often be converted into a very profitable visit; and, what is more, he would probably be induced to return to the town. In the same way passengers having but a short time to wait between two trains might have their curiosity excited, and the companies would therefore find the printed summaries which we suggest remunerative to them as means of advertising their lines. The Midland, which has always been foremost in popular innovations, might take the lead here. Descriptive tracts, we need scarcely add, would not serve the same purpose as wall notices. People have come to be shy of tracts; but good legible posters, framed and glazed, and set where they would be sure to attract the eye, would go far towards enabling intelligent people to spend pleasant quarters of an hour in waiting for the "ups" and "downs."

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA—PART III., BOKHARA," by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D.

THE GRAPHIC
CHRISTMAS NO.,
1s., READY MONDAY, DEC. 1.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE PAGE 516.



THE NILE EXPEDITION

A TROOPER OF THE CAMEL CORPS

HERE we have a member of this new Cavalry branch of the Service which has been organised for the present Expedition, with an especial view to making a short cut by way of the desert, should the river transport prove too lengthy or too hazardous. The uniform consists of a red flannel tunic, corduroy knee-breeches and serge leggings, with white pith helmet and puggaree. The accoutrements are somewhat heavy, as they include a rolled cloak on the right shoulder, a leather cartridge-belt on the left shoulder, a tin mess-trap, a water-bottle, a brown leather ammunition bandolier, with fifty rounds of ammunition, and a rifle pocket, in which the butt of the rifle is secured. The arms are the Martini-Henry rifle and bayonet, in lieu of the ordinary cavalry carbine.

Our artist writes:—"This new branch of the service is becoming very popular. Tommy Atkins seems to take quite kindly to the ship of the desert. It may well be called ship, for I have never felt more at sea than when first taking a camel ride, the motion being conducive to a sensation which most people experience in rough weather, but the British soldier has got quite used to this motion now, and is trying to make a pet of his strange companion in arms. I am afraid, however, this will never be, for no more unsocial beast than the camel exists."

"The men are well-equipped. Each camel carries the second half of a tent and three days' provisions and water for his master, as well as food for himself. Major Barrow is at present in command at Wady Halfa, having as a brother officer Captain Piggott, of Kassassin Mounted Infantry fame, to assist him in organising the corps. Though only a few weeks with their new mounts the men are in a fit state at any moment to meet the enemy."

CAMP-LIFE AT ASSOUAN

In the sketch on the next page an officer has depicted Tommy Atkins' first attempt to mount a camel, which for a novice is truly a

"Critical Moment," as the usual mode is to bestride the animal while he is on his knees. The effort to maintain the correct centre of gravity when he rises is not so easy as it looks.

In one of our sketches Tommy Atkins, who has been posted on sentry duty, is suffering the tortures of Tantalus, as close under his nose is falling a shower of most delicious dates, which some natives are gathering from a neighbouring palm-tree. "Whole families," writes the officer who sends the sketch, "turn out on these occasions. One man climbs the trees, which are easily ascended owing to the rough formation of their trunks, and throws down large clusters of the fruit, which are collected in baskets by the women below. The native women at Assouan are tall and of a dignified appearance. They do not, as a rule, wear metal rings through their noses, as at Cairo."

Another sketch shows two soldiers going into town with a pass, for without that essential document no trooper is permitted to leave the camp. Many of the donkeys at Assouan are exceedingly swift-footed, and their drivers have already learned a good deal of English—at all events, enough to drive a bargain.

The sketch of the camp theatre explains itself.

LORD WOLSELEY AND HIS STAFF

THESE sketches were taken on the steamer *Ferouz*, during the journey of Lord Wolseley and his Staff to Wady Halfa. "A Reverie" needs no description, and with regard to the others our artist writes:—"At Keneh it was necessary for us to coal, so Lord Wolseley and Staff secured the opportunity of visiting Denderah. We mounted donkeys, and under the guidance of Cook's agent, Mr. Abargas, visited the Temple of Cleopatra, and partook of lemonade and cigarettes in the Great Temple."

"The other sketches speak for themselves, being character notes of Lord Wolseley's personal staff and baggage on the upper deck of the Khédivial yacht *Ferouz*, on their way to the front."

THE GREAT OR SECOND CATARACT

THIS sketch represents a view of the second gate from the Blue Jackets' Camp, and is by our special artist, who writes: "This is where the danger and difficulty of hauling up the infantry boats begins. There is a line of rail running by the side of the river, but the rolling stock is so poor that it would take an indefinite period to transport 900 boats. The railway, therefore, will be chiefly occupied in forwarding stores as far as Sarras, when the river and camels will be our only mode of transport."

A CAMEL CORPS SHELTER TENT

"THIS tent," writes our artist, "is for desert use, and is carried in pieces. One side of canvas, the pole, and the guides are transported by each camel, as shown in the sketch on the front page. The tent affords cover for two men, a waterproof sheet forms the floor, and on the pole of the tent hangs a leather water-bottle with filtered water, while outside on a tripod is slung a skin containing well or Nile water for ordinary purposes. One end of the tent is closed by a laced curtain, which can be shifted to either end, for protection against sand storms. These tents are also used by the officers of the Head-Quarter Staff."

KOROSKO

"It was from this town that General Gordon and Colonel Stewart left the Nile on their ride across the desert to Khartoum. The fort from which the sketch was taken looks towards the Abou Hamed, Berber Road, whence General Gordon crossed the desert. From that direction the enemy is expected to come should he make an advance. Only native troops at present hold the place, officered by Majors Rundell and Shakespeare. The climate is very healthy just now, and all the men look the picture of health."

A ROMAN FORTRESS

"After leaving Korosko we passed Ibrem, a lofty cliff, on which the Romans built a fort commanding the river as well as the road. It is interesting to note that, since the fort was garrisoned by the Romans, ours is the first European army which has marched into Nubia. Close by the fort are some ancient Egyptian tombs excavated out of rock. These in their days the Romans must have looked upon as some thousands of years old."

THE LATE MR. FAWCETT

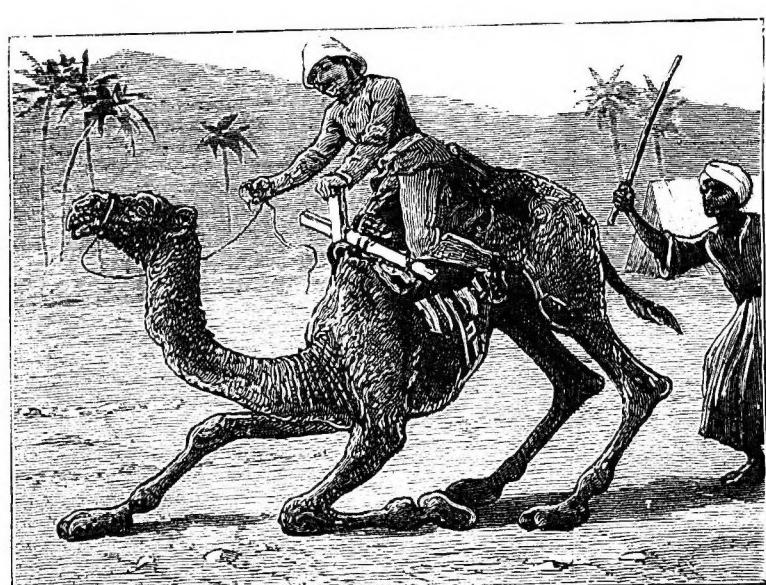
THE news of Mr. Fawcett's unexpected death was received with a genuine and universal outburst of regret. It will be remembered that the same feeling was shown during his dangerous illness two years ago. People of all classes felt as interested in his condition as in that of an intimate friend. The reason for this popularity was that he was believed to be a sincere man, who really had at heart the well-being of his fellow-countrymen; and with this belief was mingled a strong feeling of admiration for the pluck with which he bore the affliction of total blindness.

His last illness was very sudden, for on Saturday, the 1st inst., he rode fourteen miles. Next day he was seized with pleurisy, and became gradually worse, dying at 5.30 P.M. on the following Thursday, November 6th. He had probably overtaxed his powers by continuous work, his frame having become weakened by his former illness. The following extract from a letter, written shortly before his death by his mother to a friend, reads very pathetically now:—"I wish they could get on a little faster in the House, as it makes it fatiguing for Harry." These touching words ought to be hung up conspicuously over the Speaker's chair, as a warning to the bores who by their loquacity waste the national time and their fellow-Members' health.

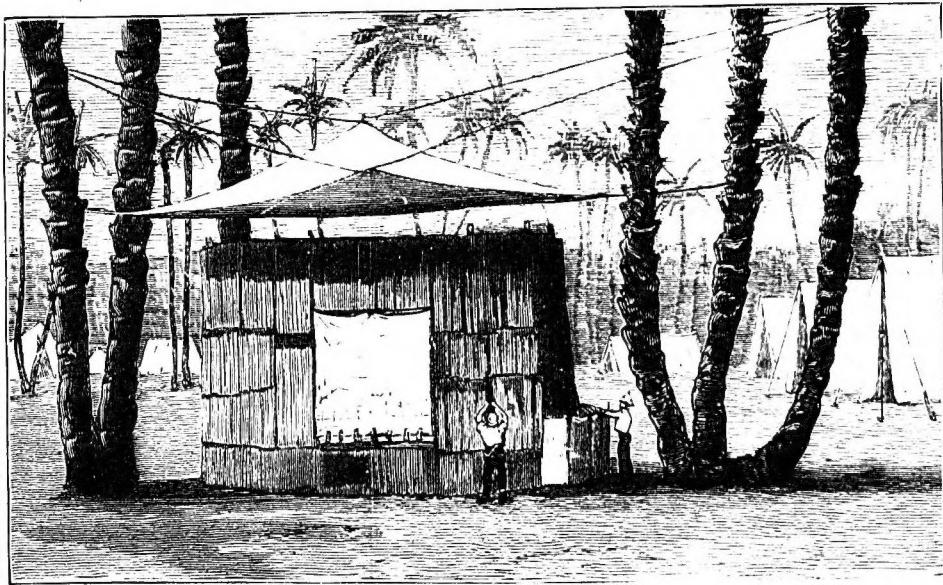
Mr. Henry Fawcett (both of whose parents are still living) was born at Salisbury in 1833. He was educated at King's College, London, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where in 1856 he was Seventh Wrangler. He was intended for the Bar, and was keeping his terms when in September, 1858, he was in a moment deprived of his eyesight by an accident while out shooting. The mental shock was at first very great; for days he remained in a state of utter prostration and depression. From this condition he was raised in great measure by a very cheering and sensible letter addressed to him by his former mathematical tutor, Mr. Hopkins. The writer pointed out to him what a man of his powers of mind and educational advantages could accomplish, even with the drawback of blindness. Mr. Fawcett followed his advice, and thenceforward became a notable example to those who, as far as this outward world is concerned, literally sit in darkness. He returned to Cambridge, devoted himself to the study of political economy, and in 1863 was chosen Professor of that subject at the University. Nor did his blindness cause him to give up the bodily exercises in which he had before been a proficient. He was to the last a bold horseman, excellent oarsman, and skilful skater, and possessed such a wonderful topographical instinct that the indication of a few landmarks enabled him to act as guide to his seeing friends when they had lost their way out riding or shooting. In 1865 he was returned as M.P. for Brighton, and afterwards for Hackney, which latter seat he held at the time of his death. He became Postmaster-General when the present Ministry was formed, and in that capacity introduced several valuable improvements, such as the Parcel Post system. In April, 1867, he married Millicent, daughter of Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Mrs. Fawcett comes of a clever family, and is herself a writer of some distinction, and an earnest advocate of female suffrage. Mr. Fawcett's mortal remains were interred at



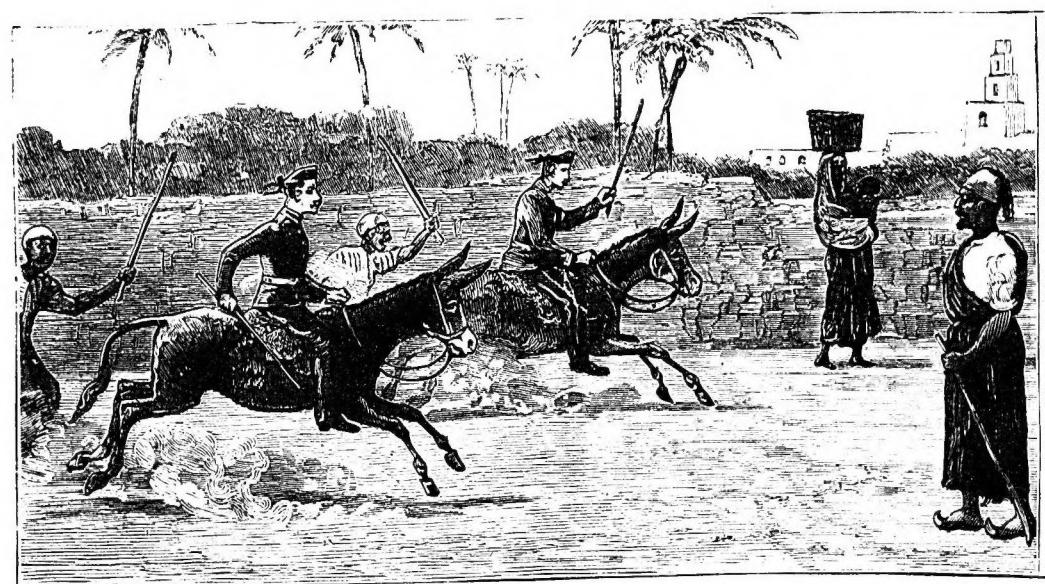
RIGHT HON. HENRY FAWCETT, D.C.L., M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL
BORN 1833. DIED NOV. 6, 1884



FIRST MOUNT ON A CAMEL.—A CRITICAL MOMENT



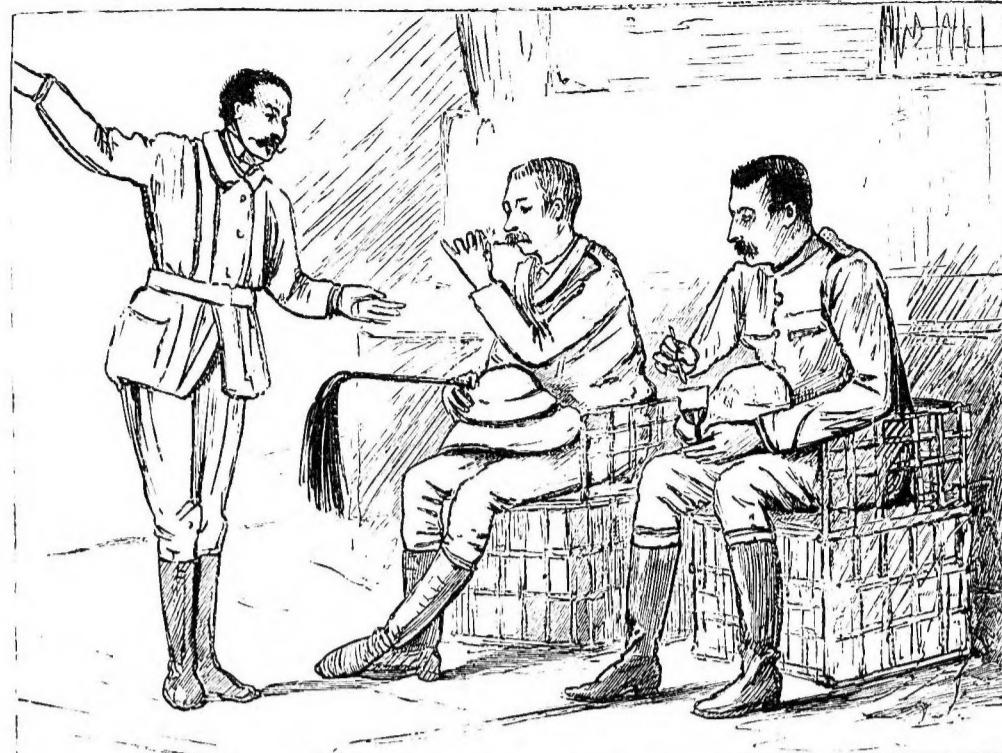
"THEATRE ROYAL," ASSOUAN



GOING INTO TOWN

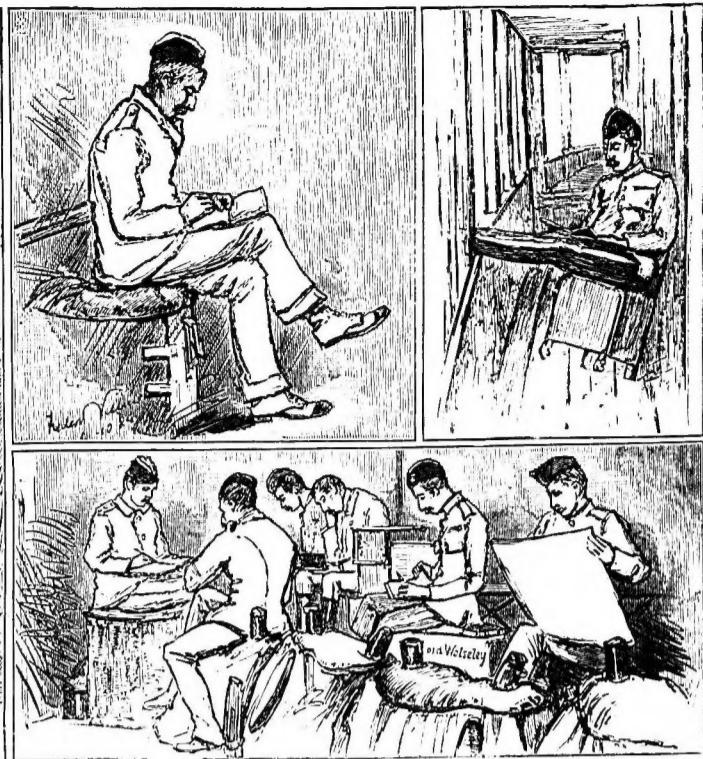


TOMMY ATKINS ON DUTY—"THE TORTURES OF TANTALUS"

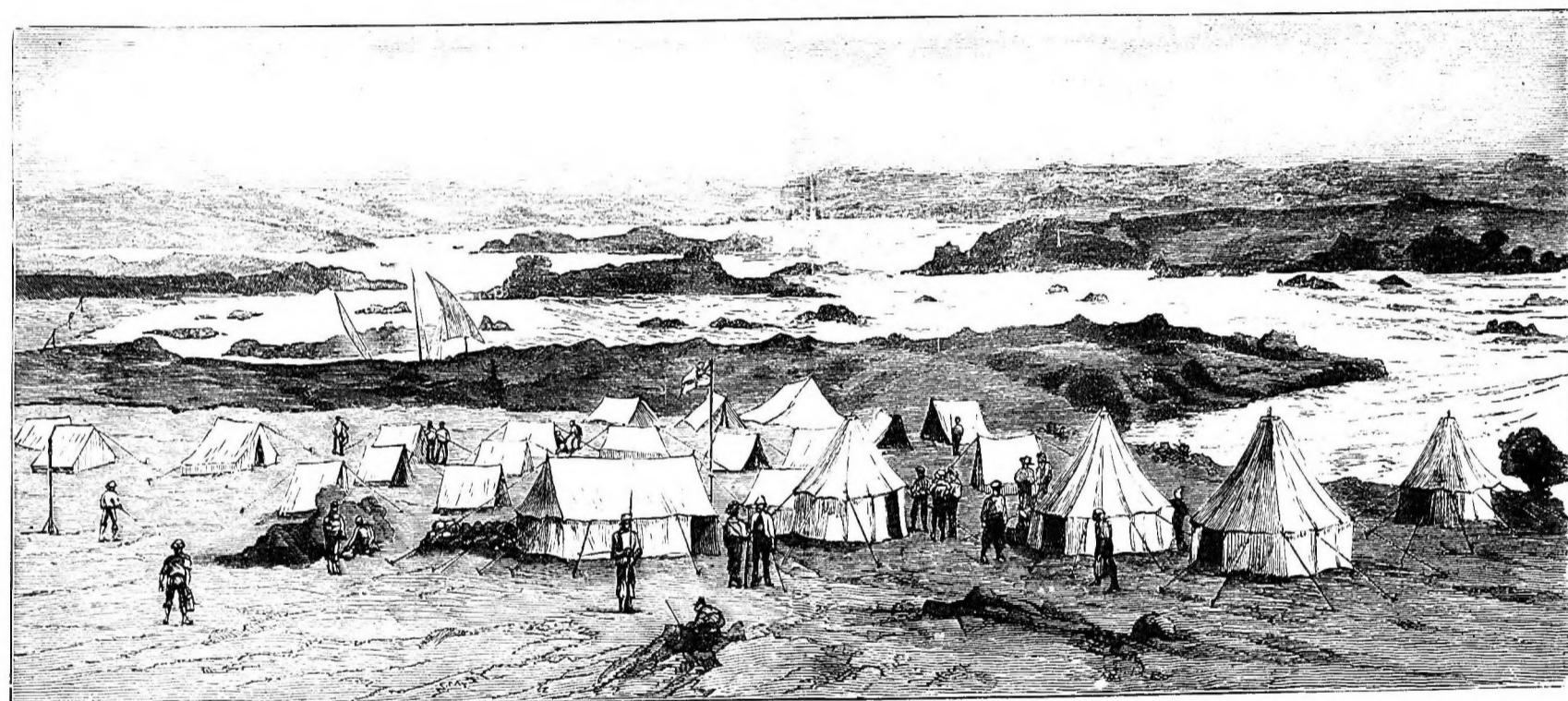


CIGARETTES AND LEMONADE IN THE TEMPLE OF CLEOPATRA

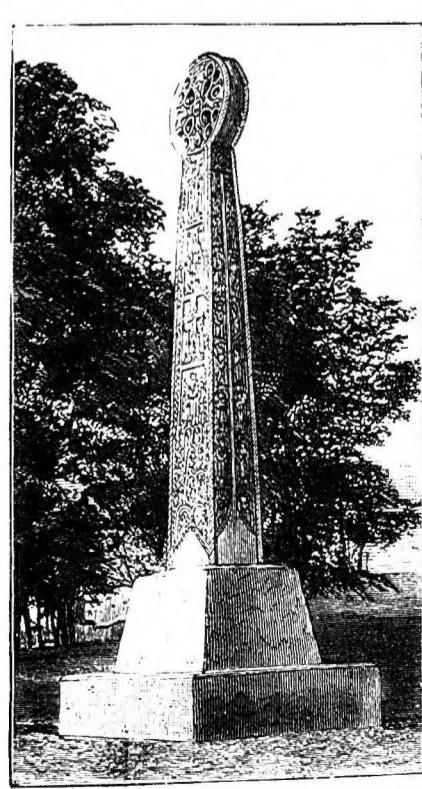
WITH LORD WOLSELEY'S PERSONAL STAFF



PERSONAL STAFF AND BAGGAGE



THE GREAT CATARACT AT WADY HALFA—VIEW OF SECOND GATE FROM THE BLUE JACKETS' CAMP

THE ST. AUGUSTINE MEMORIAL ERECTED BY
LORD GRANVILLE AT EBBS FLEET, ISLE OF
THANET

A SHELTER TENT FOR THE CAMEL CORPS

Trumpington, near Cambridge, on Monday, 10th inst., in the presence of many friends, Parliamentary and otherwise. Numerous tributes have been paid to his memory both in and out of Parliament. Let us cite the following by a woman, Mrs. Ashton Dilke:—"He was one of the truest and kindest of friends, a valued and honest counsellor when advice was asked, and he had a cheery optimism which has often led me to feel that the world is brighter than I have sometimes thought it to be."—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street, W.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE MEMORIAL.

A NOBLE memorial cross has recently been raised by Earl Granville, at Ebbs Fleet, near Minster, to mark the meeting place of St. Augustine with King Ethelbert in the year A.D. 596. The memorial has been appropriately erected in a secluded part of the Isle of Thanet, where memories of the saint are embalmed in such local names as "St. Augustine's Well," "St. Augustine's Oak," "The Field of the Man of God" (Cotmansfield), and the like. Lord Granville himself selected the famous Saxon crosses at Sandbach, near Crewe, as a pattern, and the work was executed in Doubling stone, which is famous for its durability, by Mr. Roddis, the sculptor, of Birmingham. On the north side of the cross are some Runic carvings and figures of St. Alban, St. Augustine, and King Ethelbert; on the south side are various Scriptural scenes, including the Transfiguration and the Crucifixion; on the west side are the Twelve Apostles; and on the east side a series of early martyrs, and others eminent in Christian faith. Altogether the monument has fifty-six figures carved on its four sides. The Latin inscription, by Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, Oxford (who was Lord Granville's tutor), states that St. Augustine, having landed at Richborough, met King Ethelbert on this very spot, where he preached his first sermon, thus introducing the Christian faith, which rapidly spread over England.—Our engraving is from a photograph by L. R. Goodman, Margate.

THE "ALLEN GARDINER"—SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S VESSEL

THE South American Missionary Society, which has its headquarters in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, though not so widely known to many as the older Church of England Missionary Agencies, namely, the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, has fully as good claims as either to the support of members of the English Church and Protestant Christians generally. It has for its field of work the whole of South America, and with the exception of the comparatively small establishment of the S. P. G. in British Guiana it is the only Society which represents the Church of England in that vast continent. One part of its work consists in supplying clergymen and lay agents to minister to the spiritual wants of the many English communities in South America, and another to preach Christianity among the various heathen tribes of South American Indians which are scattered about North, South, East, and West.

The most important and most successful missionary work lies in the extreme South, in the Tierra del Fuegian Archipelago, where the founder of the Society, Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., worked as missionary for many years, and where finally he and his six companions died the death of martyrs through hunger and disease in the year 1851. In England the general impression was that the conversion of the Tierra del Fuegians was hopeless, but the friends of the Society persevered, and in 1854, the *Allen Gardiner* Missionary vessel was despatched from England with a devoted band of workers, who settled at Keppel, one of the Falkland Islands, and made it the basis of their operations. An attempt to found a missionary settlement in Fuegia in 1859 ended in another disaster, the missionaries and all the crew, save one, of the *Allen Gardiner* being put to death. Yet again the mission was recruited from England in 1863, the Rev. W. H. Stirling taking the command; and it was owing to his heroic risking of his life among the natives for seven months in 1869, that Christianity was at last established among them, and since then the Christian village and district of Ooshooia have stood forth as perhaps the most marvellous instances on record of the vital power of the Christian religion to subjugate by its humanising influences the most barbarous and degraded races of the world. The Fuegians have justly been considered the very lowest people in the scale of humanity, and of all heathen tribes the most utterly given up to every vice and abomination, and without any belief in a God of any kind. The late Professor Darwin, who visited them many years ago when naturalist on board her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, put it on record that he considered them utterly incapable of being Christianised or civilised. And, before him, the famous Captain Cook said it was doubtful whether they even possessed what might be called an articulate language. But now large numbers of the once naked and wandering savages are "clothed and in their right mind," living peaceable lives in their cottages, tending their fields and gardens and domestic animals, and following the various occupations of civilised existence. And what is specially worthy of record is the fact that this presumably "languageless" people are now in possession of and eagerly reading parts of the New Testament translated into their own language by the Rev. T. Bridges, who for more than a quarter of a century has been labouring among them.

These remarkable practical results, which have been called "the romance of Mission work," were brought to the knowledge of Mr. Darwin a few years ago, and when he had ascertained their truth he became a donor to the Society. Not many years ago also the English Admiralty issued a notice to all the maritime nations of the world that within certain limits of the Fuegian Archipelago shipwrecked mariners would be kindly treated by the natives, who had come within the influence of the Society's work. More recently (in 1882) further testimony was borne by Captain Bové, the Commander of the Italian and Argentine Antarctic Expedition, which spent a considerable time in the Fuegian Archipelago. In his official report to the Italian Government he expressed his opinion that from what he saw of the work of the South American Missionary Society the whole of Tierra del Fuego would in a few years be Christianised and civilised. It may be added that the King of Italy and his Government had a gold medal specially executed, and presented it to the Society, in recognition of its services in the cause of Christian humanity. Still more recently, during the tenure of his office by the late Lord Mayor, Alderman Fowler, a large meeting was held at the Mansion House under his presidency, at which the accredited representatives of the chief nations of the world bore emphatic testimony to the beneficent work the Society had done in the cause of "Christian Civilisation."

No slight part of this work has been effected through the agency of the little missionary vessel, the *Allen Gardiner*. The first of this name, after fulfilling her term of years, was replaced by another; but both, being only sailing vessels, lost much time and ran considerable danger in the stormy seas which they had to traverse in the Fuegian Archipelago. The committee of the S.A.M.S. at last came to the conclusion that an auxiliary steam vessel was required, and, by raising a special fund, which still requires a deficiency to be made up, the third *Allen Gardiner*, which figures in our illustration, has been built. A few weeks ago she was lying in the London Docks, and the friends of the Society held a special religious service on board to consecrate her, as it were, to God's service. She has since started on her voyage across the broad Atlantic to take up the work of her predecessors, accompanied with the good wishes and fervent prayers of thousands who bade her "God speed."

J. J. M.

COMPLETION OF THE BENNETT-MACKAY CABLE

THANKS to the enterprise of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the spirited proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and of Mr. Mackay, the "Silver King," a fifth ocean cable now connects the Old with the New World. The new cable, which directly connects Valentia with New York, has been laid by the *Faraday*, under the supervision of Messrs. Siemens and Co., and on October 18th the final splice was made at Coney Island, as depicted in our illustration. The shore end of the cable had been moored to a buoy, and the end being hove up, the telegraphists accomplished their task with great rapidity. The thick canvas which covered both ends of the cable was torn off; the strands were unlaid for a considerable distance, and then the two conductors were stripped for several feet of their gutta-percha covering. The joint in the two conductors was first made, a task requiring great skill, and performed by special experts. The heavy strands of wire were adjusted in their place, the whole splice was served over with stout spun yarn well tarred, the cable was thrown overboard, and the work was complete. The cable from Coney Island runs to Dover Bay, Nova Scotia, whence it branches off to Valentia—a distance of 2,600 miles. From Valentia a cable is to be laid to Havre, so that direct communication will thus be established between New York and Great Britain and the Continent. From Coney Island the cable is connected with New York City by means of an underground wire. One of our illustrations represents the pretty little station of the Commercial Cable Company—as the association which owns the cable is officially styled.

NAGA INDIANS

AND

VIEWS ON THE DARJEELING RAILWAY

See page 508

SENIOR PEREIRA DE SOUZA

PEDRO LUIS PEREIRA DE SOUZA, a much-lamented Brazilian statesman and *littérateur*, was born at Araruama, in the Province of Rio de Janeiro, December 13th, 1839. He was educated first at an English School in Rio and then at the Academy of Jurisprudence of São Paulo, where he took high honours. He was intended for the Bar, and established himself as an advocate at Rio, but politics and literature being more to his taste than the law, he presently became editor of several Liberal journals, and was chosen in 1863 as a Deputy-General for the Second District of Rio de Janeiro. In 1866 he married Donna Amelia Valim, the daughter of a prominent Conservative leader. After ten years' devotion to his party, he took a long holiday in Europe, studying the languages of France, Germany, Italy, and England, and making admirable translations from the works of their chief poets. In 1879, when the Liberals returned to power, he was again elected as Deputy-General, and was entrusted by the Emperor with the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs and of Agriculture. Subsequently he resigned this post, and was appointed President of Bahia, in which province during his brief term of office, for it was cut short by his death, from heart disease, on the 16th July last, he effected many improvements. Senhor Pereira de Souza was in every way a noteworthy man. He was possessed of remarkable administrative capacity; he had a singular genius for languages, having mastered the Red Indian dialects; and better still, he was thoroughly good-tempered and kind-hearted. The news of his death excited universal grief throughout the Empire.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.M.G.

THIS officer, at the request of Sir Hercules Robinson and the Cape Government, has been appointed to the somewhat arduous post of restoring order in Bechuana Land by putting down the freebooting Boers with a high hand. Sir Charles Warren has already done excellent service in South Africa, as in 1876-7 he was Special Commissioner for the Settlement of the Boundary Line and Land and Griqualand West Question. In the Kafir War of 1877-78 he commanded the Diamond Field Horse, as also the Field Force in the Griqua and Bechuana Campaigns of 1878, and subsequently was appointed Administering Governor of Griqualand West. Not by any means that the whole of this officer's career has been devoted to that part of the world, as his name is well known in connection with the Palestine Explorations, which he conducted from 1868 to 1870. He went through the Egyptian campaign, and has since been acting as Instructor of Surveying in the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. Sir Charles Warren was born in 1840, and is the son of the late General Sir C. Warren, K.C.B. He will be supported in his mission by an effective force of 3,500 men, partly made up of troops already in Natal and Cape Colony, and partly from reinforcements which have been ordered out from home and other stations. Amongst the latter are the 1st Royal Scots from Barbados, and the 7th (field) Company of Royal Engineers from Chatham. A corps of Mounted Riflemen is being organised, under British officers who have volunteered from infantry and cavalry regiments in England. Sir Charles Warren was to sail for South Africa in the *Grants Castle* yesterday (Friday), accompanied by about forty officers, including his aide-de-camp, Sir Bartle Frere, and Captain Walker, Colonels Duncan, Walker, and Carrington, Lieutenant-Colonel Molyneux, Commissary-General Richardson, and Deputy-Surgeon-General Faught. With regard to the work he has undertaken, while speaking at a dinner given to him by the London Chamber of Commerce, Sir Charles Warren remarked that if, on their arrival at the Cape, they "found that the arrangements that had been made were of a nature that might be lasting, he was sure they would only be too glad that the peace of the country would be assured. But if, on the other hand, it was found that no lasting impression had been made, then they were prepared to go into the country and turn out the filibusters from Bechuana Land, and to arrange so that the Convention of 1884 might be kept up in its strictest integrity; and not only that, but to replace the native tribes in those lands to which, after due inquiry, they were entitled. And further, they would have to make such arrangements as would prevent the Convention of this year being broken in future."—Our engraving is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

DR. SAMUEL RABBETH

THE death of this promising young surgeon has caused much regret. He was the son of one of the officers in Messrs. Coutts' Bank, was born in 1857, and educated at King's College, where in 1877, after matriculating at the University of London, he entered the Medical Department of King's College. He passed the preliminary scientific and first M.B. Examinations of the University, and in 1880 gained a prize in clinical surgery and certificates of honour in other subjects. Next year, after taking a medical diploma, he was appointed assistant house-physician to King's College Hospital, and shortly afterwards house-physician. In 1883 he obtained the Scholarship and Gold Medal in Midwifery at the M.B. Examination of the University, and was elected an Associate of King's College. In April of this year he was appointed Senior Resident Officer at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. He met with his death in the performance of a courageous but hazardous act. He had performed tracheotomy on a child which was ill with diphtheria, and he endeavoured to relieve it by sucking the offending matter from the throat through a tube. The diphtheritic poison affected Dr. Rabbeth's system, and he died on October 20th.

Much correspondence has since appeared on this subject, and, without giving a dogmatic opinion, it certainly seems a pity that valuable lives should be sacrificed if patients in such emergencies could be equally well relieved by mechanical means, surgical apparatus having now been brought to a high pitch of perfection. Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, are now receiving subscriptions for the following objects (if sufficient money can be raised), as a permanent memorial of this devoted young man:—A bed at the Royal Free Hospital and at King's College Hospital, and Scholarships at King's College and the London University. The Archbishop of Canterbury is President, and Sir W. Jenner and Sir W. Gull are among the members of the Committee for effecting these praiseworthy objects.—Our engraving is from a photograph by J. Deane Hilton, Savoy Studio, 115, Strand.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION

THE British Commission to survey the Northern Frontier of Afghanistan, and subsequently to settle the boundary of that kingdom, in conjunction with a similar commission of Russian officers, has now reached the scene of its labours. The Commission is headed by Major-General Sir Peter Lumden, who, together with a number of skilled officers, recently left England, travelling via Teheran to Meshed, near which town he has been met by the Indian detachment and escort. This latter party, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Ridgeway, started from Quetta on Sept. 23, and some incidents of their journey are represented in our sketches by Sergeant R. E. Galindo, 8th Hussars. The party consisted of thirty-eight Europeans and about 1,300 natives, the latter including an escort of 250 men of the 20th Punjab Infantry and 200 troopers of the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse). The commissioners number in their ranks several scientific and political experts, including Captain E. L. Durand, who was in charge of the section of Ameer of Afghanistan, Yakoub Khan; Captain C. E. Yate, Political Assistant in Bhopal; Surgeon C. W. Owen, C.I.E., who did admirable medical work in Cabul during the recent campaign; Major Hill, R.E.; Captain St. G. Gore, R.E.; Lieutenant the Hon. M. G. Talbot, R.E., surveyors; Mr. Griesbach, geologist; and Surgeon-Major J. E. T. Aitchison, C.I.E., naturalist. Neither detachment up to the present time has met with any untoward incident, the Afghan officials being most obliging and the people exceedingly friendly. The two parties came within hail of each other near Lash Jowain, and expected to meet their Russian colleagues at Sarakhs, where their difficult task of defining the Central Asian border of Russia would begin. Our sketches need no special explanation; but we may mention that Sir-i-ab (*Anjalis*, Head of the Waters) was the point where the Indian section of the commission concentrated previous to pushing forward to Nushki and the Helmund River.

CENTRAL ASIA, PART III.

See page 517, *et seqq.*

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 521.

WITH EMIGRANTS FROM LIVERPOOL TO CANADA

SOME little time ago one of our artists accompanied a party of emigrants on part of their voyage to Canada. Between three and four hundred of them started from the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Railway. A certain number of these went out under the auspices of the London Samaritan Society and Homerton Mission, whose offices are at 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C. They were under the care of Mr. John James Jones, F.R.G.S., this being his ninth trip in a similar capacity across the Atlantic. There were 292 emigrants from London, chiefly East Enders, 232 from provincial towns and villages; there were also a number of German emigrants on board, while at Belfast the vessel was boarded by a strong contingent of Irish. The vessel was the *Sarnia*, of the Dominion Line of steamships, and when she left Belfast she had about 1,050 souls on board. The Samaritan Society had, up to the time of this voyage, sent upwards of 5,000 emigrants across the Atlantic, and they have increased the amount by several fresh cargoes during the past summer. The emigrants consist of general and agricultural labourers, domestic servants, young men going out to work on farms, and mechanics of all classes. Our artist came back from Belfast on board the ss. *Dynamic*, a very fine new boat belonging to the Belfast Steamship Company (Limited), and the fastest of the line.

At the railway station at Liverpool there were literally mountains of luggage, and a perfect babel of tongues, all struggling to find their particular boxes, as no article of baggage is allowed to leave the railway-station for the landing-stage until it has been claimed by the owner.

On the landing-stage there is usually a great crush of people making for the ferry-boats across the Mersey, and for the steam tenders of the various Atlantic steamers.

Another sketch depicts a party of German emigrants with their belongings waiting to go on to the landing-stage.

A party of fifty boy-emigrants, under the charge of a superintendent, were on board the *Sarnia*. They belonged to Dr. Stephenson's "Children's Home," Bonner Road, London, E. The sketch represents them singing grace after dinner.

The *Sarnia* anchored about three or four miles from Belfast, in the Lough, and the tender steamed out with the Irish emigrants.

Heaving the lead is a familiar sight, and needs no description.



SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE DISAGREEMENT between the two Houses of Parliament on the Franchise Bill the attitude of the Duke of Argyll has been that of a mediator. While pointing out to the Conservative Peers the dangers of a collision with the House of Commons he has not hesitated to remind his former colleagues of the Cabinet that it took a considerable time to convert some of them to a belief in the desirability of Parliamentary reform on the lines of Mr. Trevelyan's two famous resolutions. Altogether his Grace seems by his antecedents well fitted to mediate actively at the present crisis between the Government and the Conservative leaders, and the hopes of a compromise were revived by an intimation on Thursday that on the preceding day the Duke had met the Prime Minister and Lord Hartington in council at the Premier's official residence in Downing Street.

THE ELABORATE AND PICTURESQUE PAGEANT on Lord Mayor's Day filled the streets and spaces abutting on the line of the procession with one of the vastest crowds ever witnessed on a similar occasion. Its orderliness was, on the whole, remarkable, if the onlookers did here and there produce a "solution of continuity," and the number of accidents was exceptionally small. The demonstration of applause which everywhere testified to the Londoners' appreciation of the varied and costly spectacle provided by the new Lord Mayor for their recreation was only broken by some expressions

of disapproval of the representation of Lord Mayor Walworth's summary treatment of Wat Tyler, who seemed to be regarded by advanced Liberal onlookers as a martyr in the cause of mediæval democracy.

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Mr. Justice Grove delivered the usual address of congratulation to the new Lord Mayor. As the Lord Mayor is head of the London Stereoscopic Company, nothing could be more appropriate than Mr. Justice Grove's references to the history of the stereoscope and of the new value bestowed on it by its alliance with photography, a theme which no one on the Bench was better fitted to handle than the eminent scientist who wrote "The Correlation of Physical Forces."

THE CLAIMS OF THE FRANCHISE BILL on Mr. Gladstone's presence in the House of Commons probably prevented some disappointment at the subsequent banquet in the Guildhall. If the Prime Minister had been present he would have been expected to say more about the situation in Egypt than he left to be said by Lord Granville. As it was, the brilliant and eager assembly had to make the best of the Foreign Secretary's explanation that, as Lord Northbrook's Egyptian proposals, though made known to the members of the Cabinet individually, had not been considered by them collectively, his lips were sealed. Although it is customary for a political party to criticise, not to assist, its opponents, Lord Granville politely invited the Conservative leaders to communicate to the Government, through one channel or another, their views on Redistribution, with an eye to concerted action.

LORD NORTHBROOK confined himself to his own department, and said nothing about Egypt when returning thanks for the Navy. His hints that there is to be an increase in the strength of our ironclads, and in the number of swift cruisers for the protection of our commerce, was received with approval; and better than nothing was Lord Hartington's assurance that there is a numerical increase in the effective and reserve of the army. It was noticeable that the members of the Cabinet present at the banquet are all of them understood to belong to the moderate section of that body. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke would not have listened with unalloyed pleasure to the Lord Chancellor's protest against the uncontrolled dominion and absolute power of a single legislative assembly.

SPEAKING AT A MUNICIPAL BANQUET this week at Chichester, Lord Henry Lennox, M.P., who was Secretary to the Admiralty in the last Conservative Government, ascribed to his own "agitation" the general consensus of opinion on the weakness of the Navy. Recapitulating in this connection facts and figures with which the public is now tolerably familiar, Lord Henry Lennox remarked that he hated panics, because he knew that under the influence of a panic bad ships were bought for the Navy at extravagant prices. On Wednesday, at the first House-dinner of the new City Constitutional Club Lord Henry spoke again on the weakness of the Navy.

RESPONDING TO THE TOAST OF "THE NAVY" at a banquet of the Fishmongers' Company on Tuesday, Sir Thomas Brassey took a rather optimist view of it. As regarded battle-ships, he was confident that we stood at present in a commanding position. As regarded protection for our commerce, much could be done by judicious administration to give to the commerce of the country a power of self-defence; but if public opinion demanded more, and the tax-payers of the country were ready to bear the necessary burdens, all the reassurance he could give us was that the present Government had for its guidance as to the best course to be pursued naval advisers second to none in the world.

THE CONSERVATIVES have achieved a considerable electoral victory in South Warwickshire by the return of the well-known Mr. Sampson Lloyd, formerly Conservative member for Plymouth, with a majority of 1,176 over the Liberal candidate, Lord William Compton, for the seat vacant through the death of the Hon. G. H. C. Leigh, who was a Liberal. At the General Election of 1880 Sir J. E. E. Wilmot (Conservative) headed the poll with 2,664 votes, Mr. Leigh following with 2,550, and an unsuccessful Conservative candidate, the Earl of Yarmouth, with 2,507. At the recent election Mr. Lloyd polled 3,095 votes, being 400 and odd more than were given to Sir J. E. E. Wilmot in 1880, while Lord William Compton polled 1,919 votes, being some 600 fewer than those given to Mr. Leigh.

THE SEAT FOR HACKNEY, vacant through the death of Professor Fawcett, is being keenly contested by Professor Stuart, of Cambridge University, as an Advanced Liberal, and by Mr. M'Alister, in the Conservative interest. Professor Stuart is a well-known scientist, one of the principal promoters of the Social Purity Association, and popular with the working classes through his lectures and addresses to them. In 1882 he unsuccessfully contested the representation of Cambridge University with Mr. Cecil Raikes. At the last electoral contest in Hackney, that of 1880, when Professor Fawcett headed the poll, Mr. Holms, the second Liberal candidate, received 6,675 more votes than Mr. Bartley, the solitary Conservative candidate. Mr. M'Alister is in favour of Local Option, and is a zealous advocate of Fair Trade. The poll will be taken next Wednesday.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF LEICESTER a Jew has been elected Mayor of the borough in which, when granting it a charter about the year 1230, the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, formally prohibited the presence as resident of any Jew or Jewess "until the end of the world."

ON THE GROUND that he has refused similar invitations in the past, Mr. Robert Browning has declined, with the assurance that he is grateful for the honour done him, an invitation from the students of the University of Glasgow to become a candidate for the Rectorship vacant by the death of Mr. Fawcett. The invitation was a collective one from the three University Clubs—Liberal, Conservative, and Independent.

A LIVELY, NOT TO SAY ACRIMONIOUS, CONTROVERSY is proceeding in the columns of the *Times* between Mr. Chamberlain and Professor Tyndall in reference to the latter's resignation some time since of the post of Scientific Adviser to the Board of Trade. Professor Tyndall says that he resigned because Mr. Chamberlain insisted on the appointment of a Committee—if we remember rightly on Lighthouse Illumination—which the Professor considered "flagrantly unfair," and in connection with which he accuses Mr. Chamberlain of "arrogance" and "misrepresentation."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in reply, asserts that what he did was to refuse to adopt, without inquiry, Professor Tyndall's opinion on a question involving a large expenditure of public money, as to which he was at issue with the most experienced practical authorities, "and to endeavour to protect from unworthy and ungenerous insinuations the character of scientific men as honourable as himself, and equally entitled to respectful consideration."

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has rejoined in a discursive letter, sarcastically contrasting his own position, that of a son of the people, "indebted to neither Monarch nor Minister for emolument or decoration," with the eminence attained by Mr. Chamberlain, who, he intimated, has virtually deprived him of 400/- of his permanent income of 1,250/- attained after a life of toil. He characterises Mr. Chamberlain's reply to his first letter as "flimsy and unveracious," and promises a continuance of his own share in the controversy.

BICYCLING has become such a favourite mode of locomotion that its history and biography are beginning to excite attention. A memorial to Mr. James Starley, "the father of the cycle industry," has been "inaugurated" at Coventry, one of its principal seats.

This consists of a pedestal, with a medallion portrait on its front, and with illustrations on its side of his chief contributions to the improvement of the bicycle.

BRIGHTON has a new park. Two years ago Preston Park was bought for the public out of a bequest of 50,000/- left to the town, and on Saturday the Mayor and Mayoress opened the grounds with much ceremony. Trees sent by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone are planted close together in the park.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., Postmaster-General, of whom a memoir will be found in "Our Illustrations," at the age of fifty-one; of Sir George I. Harvey, who was Commissioner at Agra during the Mutiny, and for his services made a K.C.S.I., in his seventy-sixth year; of General P. V. England, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery, who served so far back as 1806 in the expedition to the Weser, and subsequently distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, at the advanced age of ninety-six; of Lieutenant-General Brett, who in a general order from the Horse Guards was commended for his conduct in command of the 54th Regiment during the burning of the *Sarah Sands* at sea in November, 1857; of Sir R. P. Marett, chief magistrate and bailiff of Jersey, at the age of sixty-four; of Mr. Octavian Blewitt, for forty-six years the able and zealous Secretary of the Royal Literary Fund, author, among other works, of the Handbooks for Central and Southern Italy in Mr. Murray's well known series, and of a paper on the distribution of the Civil List Pensions, contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, in his eighty-first year; and of the third Marquis of Londonderry, suddenly, of apoplexy, in his sixty-fourth year. The deceased peer, who was a strong Conservative in politics, and personal friend of Lord Beaconsfield, was educated at Eton, and Balliol College, Oxford, and was one of the Members for North Durham from 1847 to 1854, when, by the death of his father, of whom he was the second surviving son, he took his seat in the House of Lords as Earl Vane, of which peerage there had been a special limitation in his favour. By his brother's death in 1872 he succeeded to the Marquisate and family estates. He was prominent in the yachting world. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Castlereagh, M.P. for the County of Down.



THE TURF.—The Liverpool Autumn Cup, which was once a more important race than it is at present, was won by the top-weight, "Mr. Manton's" Thebais; and her performance may fairly rank with that of St. Gatien in the Cesarewitch, and of Florence in the Cambridgeshire. One of the remarkable features of the racing season has been the many victories of heavily-weighted horses; and one cannot help thinking of the often-expressed opinion of the late Admiral Rous to the effect that owners would do well to start top-weights more frequently than was the case in his day. Thebais in the race in question was giving no less than 32 lbs. to Goggles, a six-year-old like herself, who ran second, after a miserably poor show, in the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln the week before. If he had won at Liverpool there would probably have been a little feeling manifested; as it was, there was heard some loud "talk."—The meetings this week at Shrewsbury and Derby have attracted many "punters" anxious to retrieve past losses, and many owners on the look-out for the wherewithal to pay the hay and corn and training bills in the winter, but the racing has been somewhat tame, especially at Shrewsbury, where the gathering is shorn of a great part of its former glory.—Soon after his victory on Thebais at Liverpool, F. Archer started for Newmarket, where his daughter had been born to him. The news that his wife died within a few hours of his arrival has been received in Turf circles and by a host of friends with unfeigned sorrow.—A large number of racehorses have recently received names; and among them the Casuistry colt, the winner of the Dewhurst Plate, and first favourite for the next Derby, has that of Paradox, a happy bit of nomenclature, when his poor display in the Middle Park Plate is remembered.

FOOTBALL.—Saturday last was the last day allowable for playing off the first round of the Association Challenge Cup contest. In the many games played, the victories of Notts Club over Nottingham Olympic, of Marlow over the Royal Engineers, and of the Old Etonians over Luton, are among the most noticeable.—Aston Villa in an Association game have beaten Queen's Park (Glasgow), and Vale of Leven the famous Blackburn Rovers.—Rugbywise Sandhurst has beaten the Woolwich Cadets.

COURSES.—The Champion Stakes at Newmarket were divided between Mr. Vantage's Viking and Mr. E. Dent's Bit of Fashion. The first-named is not unlikely to take still higher honours in the coursing world.

AQUATICS.—At both the Universities the Coxswainless Fours have been decided, Magdalene beating New College in the final at Oxford, and Third Trinity Jesus at Cambridge. Interest will now be specially directed to the Trial Eights, both on the Cam and Isis, whence good material for the Putney race next Spring seems pretty plentiful.

LACROSSE.—On Saturday last, on the new ground of the Dulwich Club, the local team was defeated by Clapton.

ATHLETICS.—A meeting has recently been held at Thurles for the purpose of forming a "Gaelic Association for the Preservation and Cultivation of Irish Pastimes." The movement has received high patronage, but it is to be feared that the spirit of "Separatism" and hatred of the Saxon are elements in the matter.

THE DEATH of Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, has caused universal regret among all who take an interest in our athletic sports and pastimes, which he furthered in every way in his power. In many departments of sport he was most efficient notwithstanding his blindness. He could hook and play a salmon with some of the best hands, and, what was still more wonderful, he rode straight and fearlessly to hounds.

In Memoriam: Henry Fawcett

GREAT heart of love that beats no longer now,
Faithful in all thy duties to the end—
As statesman, son, philanthropist, and friend;
As orator, whose words of genial flow
Showed the pure fount of thought that lay below.
Brave heart! whom stern affliction could not bend,
But bade thee, dauntless, o'er despair ascend
Triumphant ere thy life's meridian glow.
Now all is light that long was dark to thee:
The veil's withdrawn, and with the soul's clear eye
Piercing all earthly vapours, thou canst see
Solved in new light those problems that defy
Solution by the human mind's decree—
For what seems darkness here is light on high.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS have elected as members Messrs. William Collingwood and R. Thorne Waite.

AN ASSOCIATION OF "DISMISSED MAYORS" has been formed in the South of France by a number of wrathful ex-functionaries unlucky enough to offend the Government.

SAVAGE DOGS WHICH KILL THEIR MASTERS are condemned to a curious form of death in Japan. They are shut up in a box with a little food, and thrown into the sea.

A BIG THING IN WEDDINGS is shortly coming off in Missouri, U.S.A. Twenty-one couples intend to be married at the same time and place, and after a breakfast of 200 guests, the twenty-one happy pairs will all go on the same honeymoon tour.

FURTHER BALLOON-STEERING EXPERIMENTS have been made successfully by Captains Renard and Krebs, who on Saturday were more fortunate than in their second attempt of some time since. The balloon sailed from Meudon to Billancourt, and returned to the exact starting-point. The voyage occupied three-quarters of an hour.

CREMATION continues to win favour in Germany. Thus the 200th case has just been registered at Coburg, where 54 people have been cremated this year alone. These 200 cremations have occurred since 1878, when the furnace was first erected in Coburg, and the cases include 62 inhabitants of the Duchy and 138 foreigners—126 men, 69 women, and 5 children.

NATIVE JOURNALISM IN INDIA is often most amusingly frank. Thus in the Madras Presidency a new publication—the *Calicut Observer*—was recently brought out by a native editor in fair English, but the last column was completely blank except for the following naïve statement:—"This is only the beginning of our paper. We were not sure how much matter was required to fill up our paper, and thinking we had sufficient we did not exert ourselves to get more. We, therefore, beg our readers will excuse us this time for the space left blank, and we hope to make ample amends for the future."

THE EDELWEISS is again seriously threatened, not by tourists alone, who after all care little about the protection laws existing in some of the Swiss Cantons, but by regular traders, who ship off the plant in quantities, both dried and living. Already Switzerland and the Tyrol cannot supply this famous Alpine plant in sufficient quantities, so that the merchants are scouring the Carinthian Alps and the Valley of the Isonzo for specimens, while some cultivators try to raise the plant in gardens. Last year one merchant alone sent off 1,500,000 living Edelweiss, and another despatched 400,000 in a pressed condition.

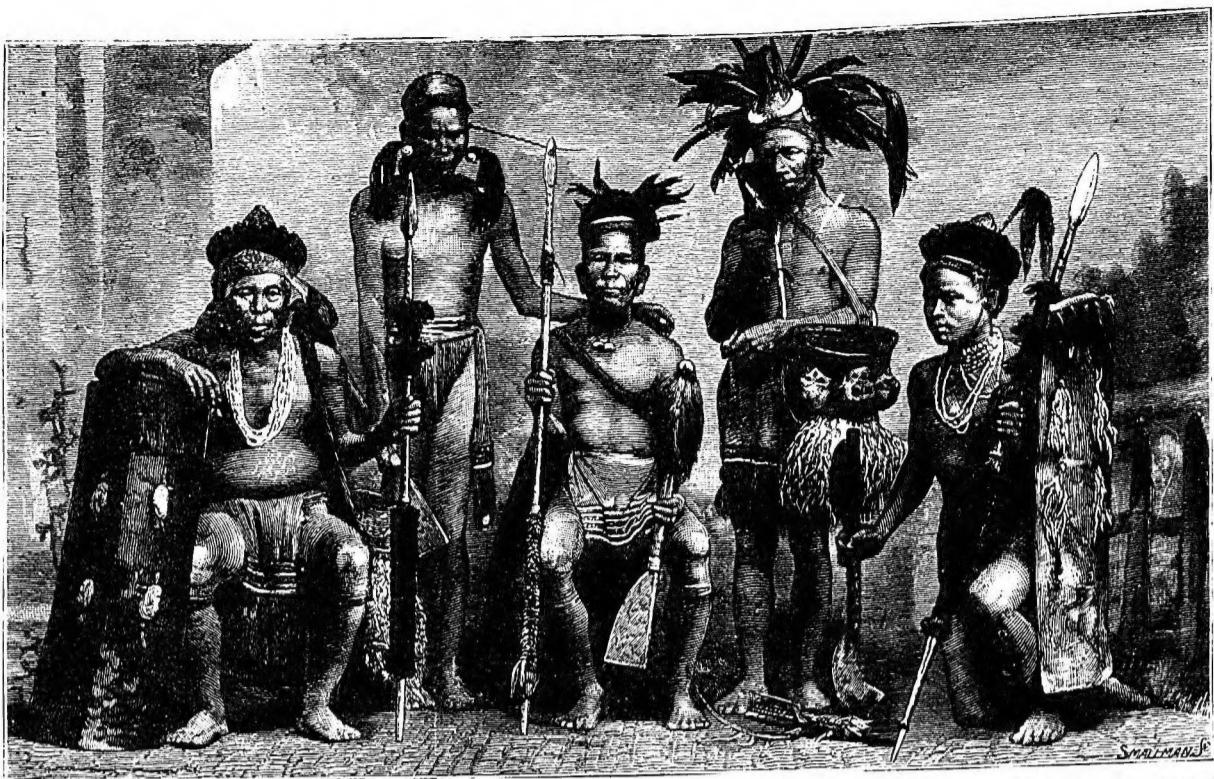
THE "POLAR STAR" AND "COLUMBINE MOURNING FOR HARLEQUIN" are the two newest styles of hairdressing in Paris this season. The "Polar Star" suits a stately type of beauty, and must be worn with a white dress, and a black gauze veil spangled with silver stars thrown round the shoulders. The hair is powdered like snow and dressed in high rolls, supporting a "glacier" diadem formed of diamond points, with a star in the centre. The "Columbine" headdress is adapted to a small piquant face. Here the hair is frizzed into tiny curls all over the head, longer curls falling down the back of the neck, and on the top is perched a tiny black three-cornered hat, spotted with silver.

THE GWALIOR GATEWAY FOR THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, presented by the Maharajah Scindia, as a specimen of modern native art, and of which we recently published an illustration, proves after all, too large and heavy to occupy its proper place amongst the Indian collections. Now that the last portion of carved stone work has arrived in England, the Museum authorities find it impossible for the present to incorporate the gateway with any of the existing buildings, as the Indian exhibits occupy the galleries of the Horticultural Gardens, while waiting for the right wing of the Museum to be finished. It is suggested, therefore, that the gateway should be shown in the Indian section of the coming Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886.

GERMANY'S GROWTH AS A NAVAL POWER of any importance in war dates solely within the last ten years. During the Danish campaign Germany could only command 7 war vessels and 15 gun-boats; yet, though reorganisation was warmly discussed, little was actually done in the matter until the Reichstag voted the necessary funds in 1873. Now the Teutonic war fleet musters 14 fine ironclads, 21 corvettes, 14 armoured and 10 ordinary gunboats, 16 torpedo vessels, 8 despatch boats, and 7 steam and 4 sailing transports. Further, thirty-five vessels, ranging from monitors to torpedoes, are on the stocks. The chief naval port, Wilhelmshaven, has sprung up in an equally recent period. Thirty years since Wilhelmshaven was a tiny hamlet, containing a few farms, in the midst of a barren tract of ground, and even now the different quarters of the town are so scattered as to seem small separate settlements. There is only one street containing buildings of any pretension, the Adalbert-Strasse, where the Government and naval officers live. The naval workshops are outside the town.

A DORÉ EXHIBITION is to be held in Paris next March, intended to represent as far as possible the various phases of the late painter's genius. Collectors possessing unpublished water-colours and sketches by Doré are asked to contribute, and as the artist devoted so much of his time to illustrating books, his engravings, lithographs, &c., will form a special feature of the collection. The catalogue will contain a complete bibliography of all the works illustrated by Doré, besides enumerating the drawings executed for periodicals. Honours to another departed artist are also being planned in Salzburg, where the Art Academy intend to establish a "Makart Room," filled with relics of their fellow townsman. There is quite a Makart mania in Vienna this winter, the artist's name being given even to hats, bonnets, and a peculiar shade of green. The Bruxellois are not so artistically minded just now, for artists complain bitterly that the political strife of the past few months has completely ruined the triennial Brussels Salon. Native and foreign exhibitors are alike in despair, and, indeed, only one of the French artists has sold a picture.

LONDON MORTALITY again slightly increased last week, and 1,516 deaths were registered, against 1,503 during the previous seven days, a rise of 13, but being 185 below the average, and at the rate of 19·7 per 1,000. There were 22 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 1, exceeding the average by 7), 32 from measles (a rise of 10), 32 from scarlet fever (a rise of 4), 17 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 19 from whooping cough (a rise of 6), 1 from typhus fever, 20 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a decline of 3), 22 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 4), and none from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiration rose to 357 against 348 the previous week, but were 78 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths; 47 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 5 from drowning, and 15 of infants under one year from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,502 births registered, against 2,745 during the previous week, being 290 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 49·4 deg., and 3·9 deg. above the average.



GROUP OF BAUPARA NAGAS, FROM THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF INDIA

NAGA INDIANS

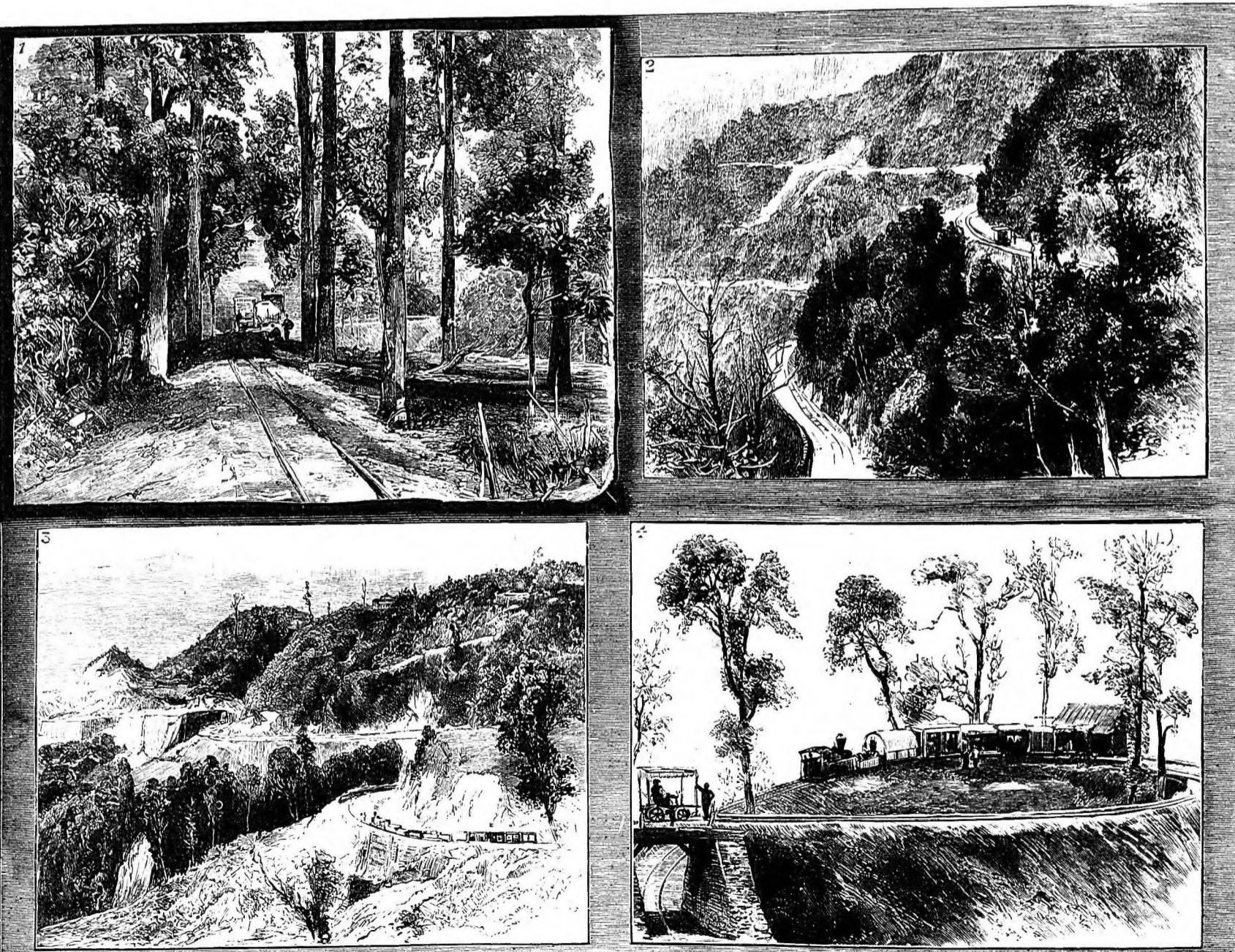
HERE are depicted (from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta) a group of Baupara Nagas in their war paint, from the Eastern frontier. They were brought down from their native haunts by order of the Government during the Calcutta Exhibition. These men are splendid specimens of muscular humanity, but are perfect savages in

their habits and manner of living. These specimens are more wild and savage than the Angami tribe of Nagas. The Bau-paras wear fringes made from the hair of their human victims.

VIEWS ON THE DARJEELING RAILWAY INCLINE

THE well-known sanatorium of Darjeeling, which within

the memory of not very middle-aged men was only accessible from the metropolis of Bengal by a long and wearisome journey in a dāk carriage, is now brought within twenty-five miles of Calcutta by means of railways. These engravings (which are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta) represent several notable points on the hill line, which is about forty miles long, and runs from an elevation of 7,000 feet down to 500.





THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—THE CHIEF IN A REVERIE ON BOARD THE "FEROUZ"

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE news from EGYPT still relates to the pushing forward of troops, boats, and stores to Wady Halfa, and Dongola. The river journey from Wady Halfa to Dongola seems to be more difficult than had been expected, and even the Canadian *voyageurs* have considerable trouble in surmounting the Ambigol Cataract. As the Nile is falling these difficulties will probably be greatly enhanced when the main fleet of whale boats, heavily laden with troops and stores, attempts the ascent. At Wady Halfa all hands are pressed into the work of unloading goods and placing them on the railway trucks for transport above the Second Cataract. Lord Wolseley remains at Dongola, whence he has telegraphed that the Mahdi, with only a small following, was reported to be at Korshambat, to the north of Khartoum, where he went after his attack on Omduman. Two survivors of General Hicks's army, who have escaped to Dongola from El Obeid, also state that the Mahdi is constantly fighting with the people of Jabeldaïr for loot taken from General Hicks. It is moreover reported that Mr. Frank Vizetelly, who was with Hicks Pasha, is still alive, having been captured by the Mahdi ten days before the battle of El Obeid. According to the same statement he is now acting as doctor, and remains a Christian. Colonel Stewart's launch still lies on a rock near Boni where she was wrecked, intact save for a hole in her stern. At Suakin there has been further fighting, the rebels having again attacked the town on Tuesday, but being repulsed and pursued by the Egyptian cavalry. At Cairo disquieting rumours are still ripe, asserting that Khartoum has fallen, and that General Gordon has been killed. The Khédive has suspended the obnoxious house tax on foreigners.

IN FRANCE the outbreak of cholera in Paris has completely overshadowed all other matters. It is now certain that cholera has prevailed at Paris, and in the suburb of Aubervilliers in particular, for some months, though it is only within the last week that the epidemic has assumed serious proportions. On Thursday week a sempstress in the Rue Coquilliére was pronounced to have died of the disease, which was also declared to have appeared in the rag-pickers' quarter in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in the Rue St. Marguerite, one of the filthiest in Paris, the total number of deaths being ten. It then transpired that on the two previous days there had been respectively three deaths and nine deaths from cholera. On Friday the cases numbered twenty-five, with eight deaths. On Saturday the number rose to seventy-five, with thirty-three deaths, on Sunday the deaths increased to fifty-one, and on Monday to ninety-eight, but on Tuesday decreased to eighty-nine. From midnight on Tuesday until 11 P.M. on Wednesday, also, there were only forty-seven deaths. While the epidemic appears to have originated in the rag-pickers' quarter, it is by no means confined to certain districts, as almost every arrondissement has been affected, though the victims were mainly found to belong to the poorest classes. The barracks, however, have been affected, and in the Asylum of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in the Avenue de Breteuil, there have been more than eighty cases, of whom fully half have died. It is exceedingly creditable to the Parisians that there has been no outward panic, the chief complaint being that the authorities were extremely dilatory in their arrangements for removing patients. Otherwise they seem to have taken all possible measures to combat the epidemic, there being no lack of hospital service, while the whole of Paris reeks with disinfectants. It is greatly against the Parisians, however, that their system of drainage is that of cesspools, so a source of infection remains beneath each house; while the water supply leaves much to be desired, as part is drawn from the Seine, which was recently pronounced to be in an utterly filthy condition. All people are accordingly urged to boil their water. The Paris Municipality has voted money for sanitary measures and for disinfecting houses; while the annual fair at Montmartre has been prohibited.

There is little political news. The Senate has been further discussing the Bill for its own reorganisation, and has passed it with the alteration mentioned last week. The Chamber, having settled the Crimes Bill, is examining the request for a supplemental sum of 140,000/- which Admiral Peyron has made for the transport of the Tonquin reinforcements. The Committee on Tonquin affairs continue to hold their meetings, and it has now been admitted that England has offered her good offices to France with a view to the cessation of hostilities with China. The reporter to the Committee, M. Franck Chauveau, has had a difference with M. Jules Ferry, and has resigned, M. Leroy being chosen in his place. The amount of credit to be demanded will probably amount in all to 640,000/-. Meanwhile good reports come from the seats of war, both from General Brière de l'Isle in Tonquin, and Admiral Courbet at Formosa. The Chinese have made an attack in force, but have been duly repulsed. A detachment of a thousand Chinese attacked the defensive works which protected the road to Tamsui, but were driven back by the garrison, under Captain Leverger. In Tonquin the column sent by General Brière de l'Isle to purge the country between the Red River and Thai Bing, on the Black River, have fulfilled their task without losing a man. On their side, the Chinese appear to be preparing for a continuation of the struggle. Arms are being purchased in Europe, and it is stated that two 25-ton armour-clads are going to attempt to force the Formosa blockade. To return to FRANCE proper, it is now officially announced that a Universal Exhibition will be opened in Paris on May 5th, 1889. M. Antonin Proust, formerly Minister of Fine Arts, has been appointed President of the Committee, with M. Teisserenc de Bort and M. Spuller as Vice-Presidents. The year 1889 is declared to be an appropriate date, as it will be the centenary of "a hegira dear to French patriotism"—Madame Patti's divorce case has been decided, the Tribunal deciding in favour of the husband, the Marquis de Caux.

IN GERMANY the West African Conference meets to-day (Saturday) in the hall of Prince Bismarck's mansion, where the historic Berlin Congress held its sittings. Prince Bismarck will, of course, preside, and will be assisted by Count Hatzfeldt, Dr. Busch, and Herr Kusserow. The other nations will be represented by their Ambassadors, supported by special experts. Thus, to assist Sir Edward Malet, England has despatched the Hon. Robert H. Meade, Senior Assistant Under Secretary of the Colonial Office, and Mr. Percy II. Anderson, of the Foreign Office. France sends to assist M. de Courcel Dr. Ballay, one of M. de Brazza's colleagues, M. Dubuisson, geographer to the Foreign Office, and M. Engelhardt. Belgium is naturally highly interested in the meeting, and the President of the African International Association, Colonel Strauch, has gone to Berlin, though apparently without any particular status. Turkey, as an African Mussulman Power, is to be admitted to the Conference. To judge from general report, England has made no reservations with regard to the Niger. Prince Bismarck is manifestly in grave earnest in his endeavours to make Germany a Colonial Power, as during the coming Session, which begins on the 20th inst., money will be asked for a Governor of the Cameroons, and for coasting steamers and launches for river service in that district. A Colonial section of the Foreign Office is to be organised, and a Consulate-General for South Africa will be established. Prince Bismarck's energy, moreover, is being directed into

a new channel, as a Legation is to be established at Teheran, "to observe the course of political and commercial development in the broad region between the Turkish and Indian frontier, as well as to protect and promote the commercial interests of Germans living in and trading with Persia." Some of the secondary elections have been held, with the result of largely adding to the Social-Democrat section, which will now be able to table bills without asking for help from other parties. The Duke of Cumberland has addressed a new circular to all the German Sovereigns, the Emperor excepted, maintaining his right to the Brunswick Succession.

ITALY is now practically free from the cholera, and on Tuesday no bulletins were issued. On Monday the Pope held a secret Consistory, at which nine new Cardinals were created. In his Allocution the Pope, after lamenting the continued persecutions which the Church had to endure, and the activity of the Freemasons and other clandestine societies in hostility to the Church, dwelt with satisfaction on the extension of Catholicism in the United States, and also in Australia and India, where the increased number of the faithful necessitated new Apostolic Vicars. He announced the restoration of the ancient See of Carthage, and enlarged upon the spiritual needs of Africa, highly praising the work of Father Massala, the Capuchin missionary, who is to be created Cardinal.

IN INDIA the Festival of the Mohurram has passed over with the usual disorders, the most serious of which occurred at Agra, Cambay, and Hyderabad, where there was an affray between the police and the native retainers of a powerful Nawab, owing to the former barring the passage to a certain street. Salar Jung, however, acted promptly, called out the troops, and restored order. Thanks to timely rain, all danger of a famine in Bengal is now at an end. Lord Ripon is visiting various places of interest in Northern India on his way to Calcutta, where he will arrive on December 2.

Great excitement has prevailed in the UNITED STATES throughout the week. The first reports, announcing that Mr. Blaine was victorious in New York State, appear to have been wholly erroneous, and Governor Cleveland turns out to have carried the day, though only by a very small majority, only some 1,500 out of a total number of votes of 1,200,000. Thus the electoral vote stands, Cleveland 219, Blaine 182—the number necessary to secure the election being 201. The votes are now being officially examined, and both parties are watching every step in the event of fraud. The Republicans are accused of having plotted to secure a plurality of votes for Mr. Blaine, but it is said that they were frustrated in their evil intentions by the manifest sympathy with General Cleveland. The Democrats have naturally been highly jubilant, and Governor Cleveland has been warmly congratulated on all sides. Both Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt have written letters of congratulation—the latter expressing the general feeling when he says, "You owe your election, in my judgment, to the fact that the people believed you to be an honest man, and not to any particular effort made by any faction of either the Democratic or Republican parties. The independent men who care more for good government than for parties or individuals have made your choice, because they were convinced your administration would not be for the benefit of any political organisation or favoured person, but for the interests of the whole people. This is just the result which is most desired. We have reached a time when party amounts to little. The country is above all, and it wants honest government by honest men. The belief that we will find it in you has led to your election."

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, Parliament opened in BELGIUM on Tuesday, there being no Speech from the Throne.—SPAIN is seriously alarmed about the cholera in Paris, and has established a quarantine of ten days on travellers from France.—SWITZERLAND is turning her attention from the Salvationists to the Anarchists, five of whom have been expelled by the Federal Council.—In JAMAICA, the Colonial Legislature has rejected a resolution in favour of political and commercial confederation with the Dominion of Canada.—In AUSTRALIA, the leading French citizens of Sydney have had a little demonstration, having paid a visit to the monument erected near Botany Bay to La Pérouse, the great French navigator, for the purpose of enabling the officers and men of the French war ship *Bruit* to see the monument, that vessel having last year recovered from the sea at Vanikoro some cannon which had formerly belonged to La Pérouse's ships. A banquet was subsequently held, at which the Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Treasurer, made an eloquent speech, dwelling upon "our long and glorious alliance, which has been founded on a recognition of a common destiny and object among nations." In NEW ZEALAND, the House of Representatives has passed a resolution expressing general agreement with the decision of the Sydney Convention, and has sanctioned the grant of 15,000/- as New Zealand's share in the cost of the British Protectorate of New Guinea.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will probably leave Scotland for Windsor next week, somewhat earlier than had been expected. Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, Baron von Pawel Rammingen, have been staying at Balmoral with Her Majesty, and the Royal party have made numerous excursions, launching one day at the Glassalt Shiel, while on Saturday morning they drove through Braemar to the Linn of Corriemulzie and the Linn of Dee. In the evening the Princess and her husband left the Castle, and Lord Carlingford, the Minister in Attendance, also returned to town, while Sir H. Ponsonby arrived. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated.

The Prince of Wales has been keeping his forty-third birthday at Sandringham. As, however, the actual anniversary fell on Sunday the usual entertainments to the Prince's labourers and poorer tenants were given on Saturday, the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and Princess Louise, having arrived on the previous evening, while the Prince's two sons also took a holiday from their studies to be present. On Saturday also Lord and Lady Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood arrived in time to accompany the Prince and Princess and their family to the annual dinner to the workpeople on the estate, the Royal party being present whilst the toasts were drunk. The Prince and Princess and their guests further went to West Newton, the village where the Prince has built numerous model cottages, and where he opened a "Sandringham Club" for the men and boys working on the estate. Next day the Royal party attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. F. J. Hervey officiated, and on Monday Princes Albert Victor and George returned respectively to Cambridge and Greenwich, while Lord and Lady Dufferin and their daughter went back to town.

Princess Christian went to St. James' Theatre on Tuesday night. During their stay in Cashmere the Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent two days in Srinagar, occupying the Maharajah's palace—the Lal Mandi, on the banks of the Jhelum. The Royal party afterwards went to the Lidar Valley for the shooting.



THE Franchise Bill has passed through the House of Commons with a rapidity that is a little ominous. On Thursday in last week Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading in a speech the conspicuous moderation of which was hailed from all quarters. Lord Randolph Churchill, who had placed an amendment to the second reading upon the paper, but was prevented by the death of his uncle from being present to move it, characterised the speech as "mag-nanimous." From the first the Premier has been most anxious to avoid anything that should create controversy. His one object has been to pass the Franchise Bill, and, short of sacrificing principles, he has always expressed himself willing to meet the views of the Conservative Opposition. On Thursday he was marvellously successful. It is true that Mr. Stanhope, who moved the amendment which had stood in the name of Lord R. Churchill, made but hasty response to the peaceful invitation of the Premier. But Mr. Stanhope was under the disadvantage of having prepared his speech before he came into conference, and having it there in manuscript, he felt bound to read it.

Lord George Hamilton's speech was also a little lacking in friendliness. But for the rest, the tone of the debate on this evening was conspicuously favourable to a settlement. A notable indication of opinion in some section of the Conservative ranks was supplied by the speech of Mr. Gorst, who solemnly warned his friends of the danger they were incurring by continued opposition to the Franchise Bill, and besought them ere it was too late to bring the affair to a settlement. This speech had the immediate effect of bringing Lord Randolph Churchill out of his temporary retirement. He presented himself on Friday night, and fiercely assailed Mr. Gorst for the views he had expressed, views which everybody knew, and which Mr. Charles Russell demonstrated by extracts from Hansard, were identical with those Lord Randolph had expressed when, last Session, the Franchise Bill was before the House. But a great deal has happened since then. Lord Randolph is now hand-in-glove with Lord Salisbury, and he bitterly resented the maladroitness of his colleague who should, at an untimely moment, have advocated views which served their purpose at the time, but were now, Lord Randolph thought, dead and buried.

Even whilst flagellating Mr. Gorst, Lord Randolph did not obstinately declare himself against that settlement which so recently as July last he implored Mr. Gladstone to assist in bringing about, and solemnly warned Lord Salisbury not to throw obstacles in its way. But the great event of Friday evening was the speech of Sir Richard Cross. Sir Richard had moved the adjournment on Thursday, and so secured the prominent position of resuming the debate on the following night. Though fallen away in the estimation of the House of late, Sir Richard was a prominent member of the late Cabinet, and now presumably—almost avowedly—spoke on behalf of the Conservative Leaders. What he had to say, and his manner of saying it, confirmed the growing impression of the prevalence of peace. He deliberately threw out the suggestion that the Government should proceed by way of Resolutions, intimating that if these were laid on the table as soon as the Franchise Bill left the House of Commons, it would satisfy the scruples of the Lords. In political controversy there is nothing commoner than for a Leader on one side desiring to bring about an arrangement with the other, rising and throwing out a hint of this character. Sir Charles Dilke, who has been concerned in many such Parliamentary manoeuvres, at once recognised a bid for business. He frankly and fully accepted the suggestion, Sir R. Cross and Sir S. Northcote listening with pleased attention to his words. The debate went on in the same conciliatory spirit, rounding off with a division, the largest taken in the present Parliament, which showed that the almost unprecedented majority of 130 obtained for the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill last Session had been increased by ten.

This was accepted everywhere as clinching the matter. Everyone was agreed that practically the threatening quarrel was closed. There was even talk of arrangement being made for a meeting of the Leaders, to take place on Monday. But by Monday evening the whole scene had changed. South Warwickshire, a Conservative stronghold for over fifty years, temporarily lost at the last General Election, was regained by a considerable majority. The balance of inclination on the part of the Conservative Leaders, which on Friday strongly inclined towards peace, now violently rebounded, and Lord Salisbury determined with the more or less ready approval of his colleagues to stake immense issues on the fortune of war. A mouthpiece for the new policy was appropriately found in Mr. James Lowther. This right hon. gentleman's views with respect to Parliamentary Reform are not unfamiliar. But the discipline of party has hitherto kept him in the background. On Monday he came, with startling force, threw over Sir R. Cross, and trampled upon his suggestions for a settlement of the question.

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon the House it could not have been more astonished than at this sudden outbreak. On the Conservative side it was as little expected, and possibly on the whole as little liked, as on the Liberal. Mr. Ritchie, an important representative Conservative, speaking on Tuesday night declared that he had "heard the speech with dismay," and Mr. Stuart Wortley, another representative of a large Conservative constituency, was equally lugubrious in his tone. But Mr. Lowther found some support, being loudly cheered by Mr. Warton, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Tomlinson, and Mr. Hicks. The importance of Mr. Lowther's intervention was at once perceived. But if any doubt remained of the official character of his speech, it was removed by Sir S. Northcote, who rising from his side followed with a hesitating speech, in which he attempted to dispose of Sir R. Cross's statement by calling it "an *obiter dictum*," concluding by declaring that nothing but the introduction of the Redistribution Bill would satisfy the Conservative Party.

After this sudden move interest in the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons reached the point of zero. The Conservatives had decided that as the matter was forthwith to be relegated to the House of Lords, where the Franchise Bill was to receive its death blow, no good, but some personal inconvenience, would come of prolonging the discussion in the Commons. Accordingly, after taking one division on Colonel Stanley's amendment in Committee, the Bill was allowed to slip through. By half-past eight the whole thing had collapsed, the Franchise Bill was through Committee without amendment, and the House was up. On Tuesday Mr. Goschen offered himself as a mediator, but without effect. Lord John Manners, with a gay courage that had perhaps something of desperation in it, declared that there had truly been a change of tone in the debate, but it had commenced with the other side. Lord John then proceeded to discuss matters in precisely the same tone as Mr. Lowther, proving if need had been that the interposition of that talented young gentleman had not been taken without concert with his respected Leaders. Once more a stage of the Franchise Bill was treated with contemptuous indifference. About a score of Conservatives remained behind to shout "No" when the question was put. But they did not challenge a division. The whole thing was over by the dinner hour, and the Franchise Bill was once more on its way to the House of Lords. It was received there on Thursday, and in the course of next week its fate, and all that its fate includes, will probably be settled.

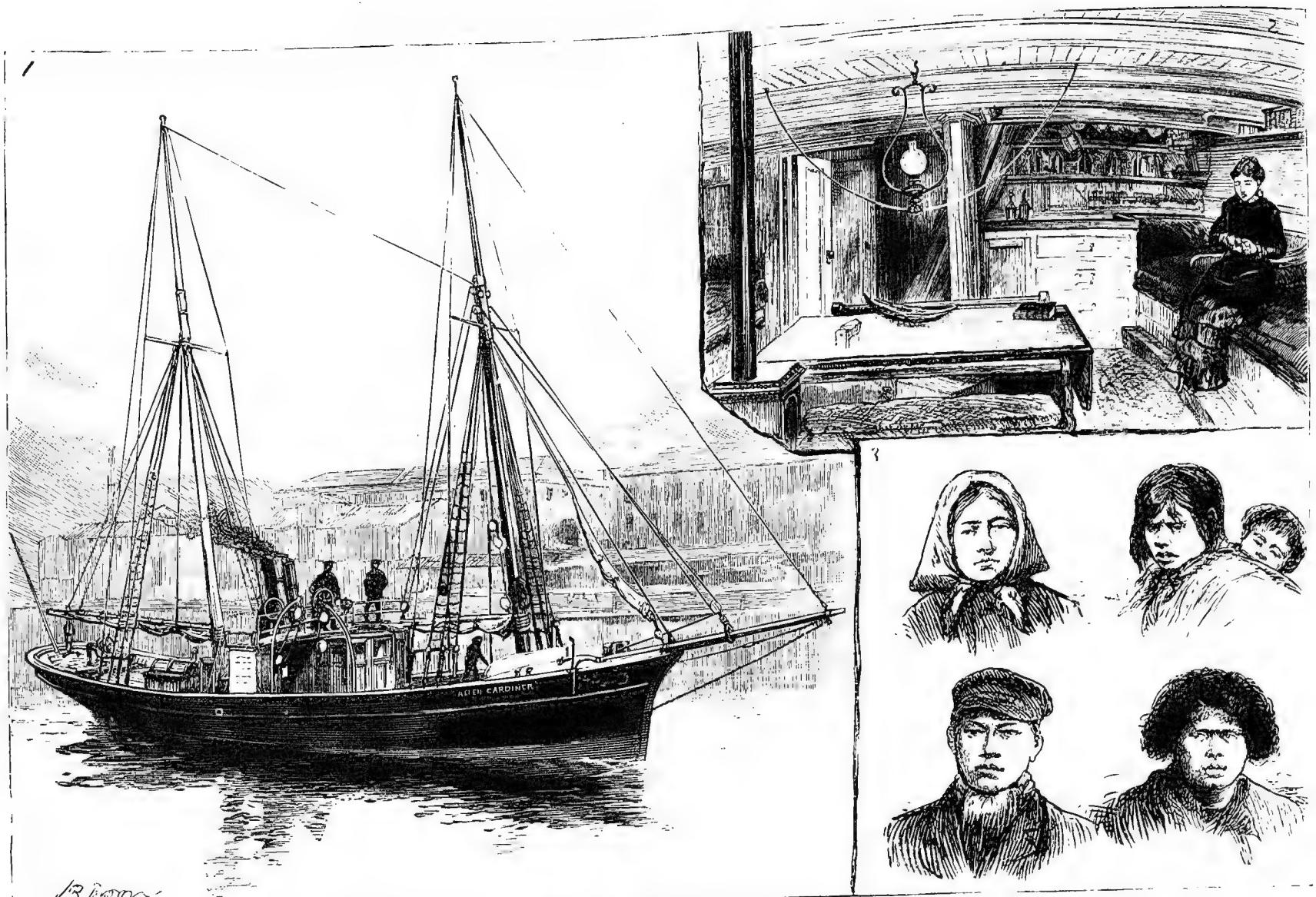


THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE at the Quinquennial Visitation of his clergy included some satisfactory statements on the progress of the Church work in his Diocese during the five years under review, and on the increasing number of lay helpers engaged in ministering to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the poor and the poorest. On the subject of Board Schools he said that, though they might not be all that Churchmen could wish them to be, they were a necessity of the time, and it was important that the clergy should as often as possible act as local managers of these schools, so that they might obtain a voice in the appointment of masters and mistresses.

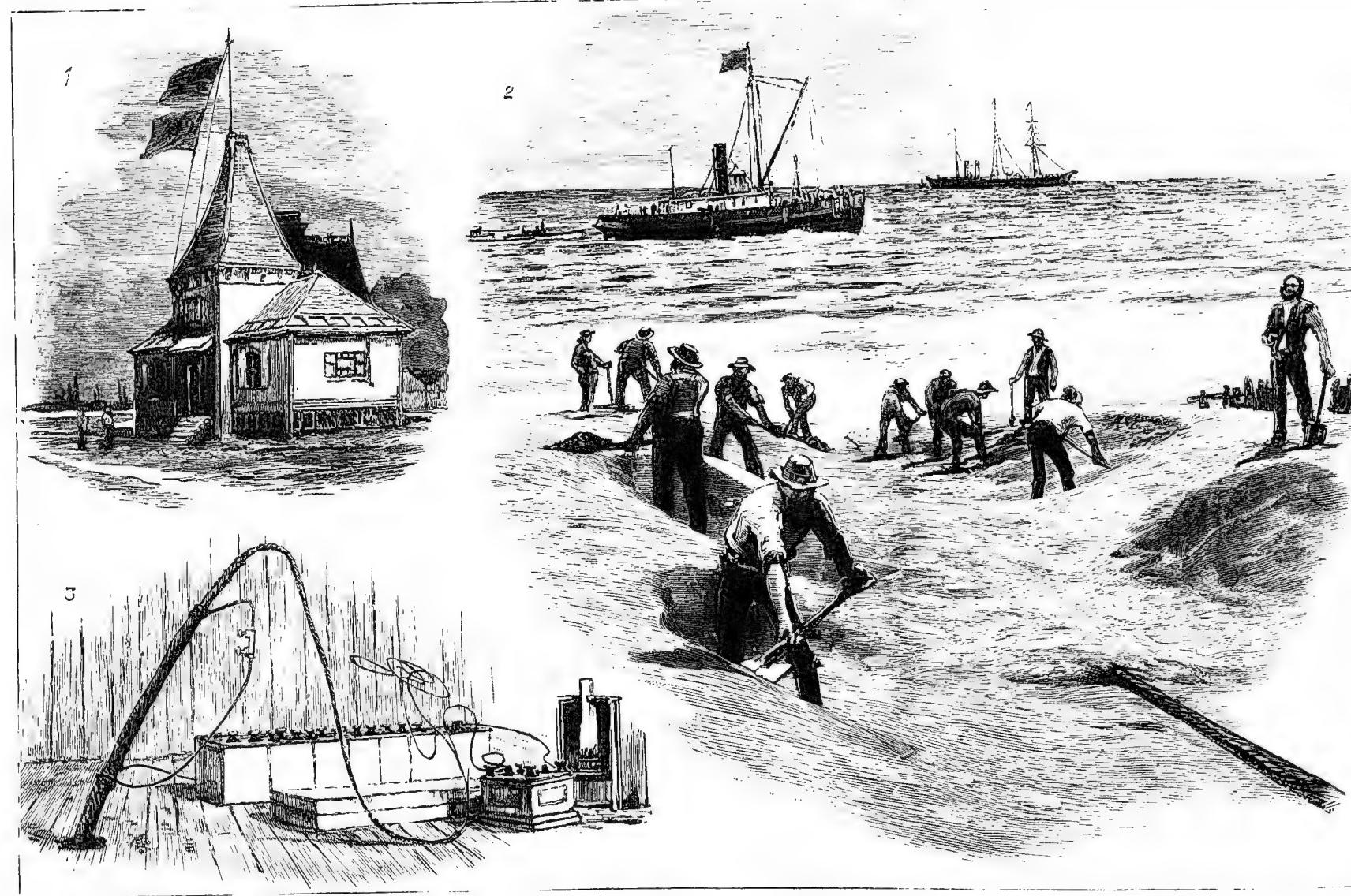
REFERRED TO THE RITUALISTIC and other Church controversies, Bishop Jackson pointed to the literary propagandism of infidelity among the masses, to the amount of indifference and vice in the lower ranks of life, to the scepticism of the upper classes, and the lowered moral standard of society, saying that, in the face of such a world as this, Churchmen could not afford dissension among themselves. Elsewhere in his Charge, the spirit of which was eminently one of conciliation and reconciliation, he said that the remedy for excesses of ritual was not to be sought in measures of repression or in the imposition of penalties, but rather on the supply of defects from which these excesses were often the reaction. For exaggerations, both of ritual and of doctrine, much of the responsibility was due to the former prevalence of cold and dull services and other analogous defects in the ministrations of the Church.

OF COURSE THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION

THE GRAPHIC

*J. R. Green*1. The *Allen Gardiner*.—2. The Cabin.—3. Natives of Tierra del Fuego; Civilised and Uncivilised.

THE "ALLEN GARDINER," THE MISSION-SHIP OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY



1. The Station of the C.C.C.—2. Covering in the Cable.—3. The End of their Toil, the End of the Coil.

LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE BENNETT-MACKAY CABLE, CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK



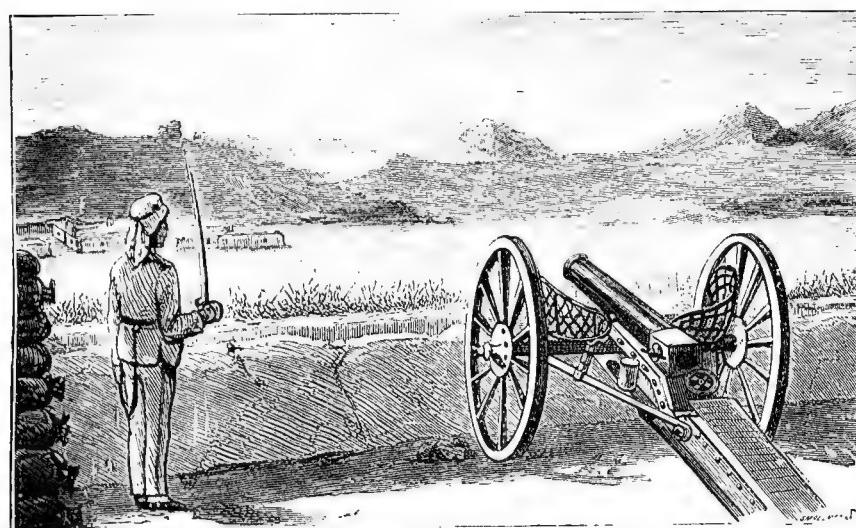
SEÑOR PEREIRA DE SOUZA
Brazilian Statesman and Littérateur,
Born Dec. 13, 1839. Died July 16, 1884



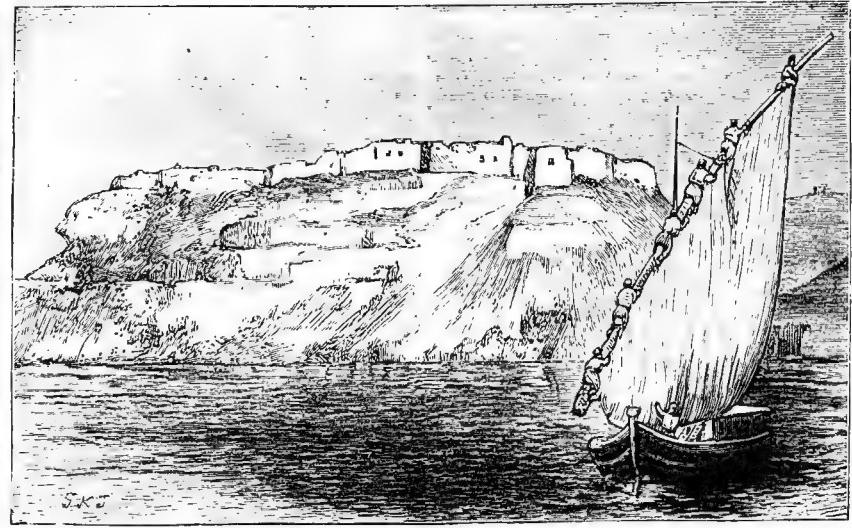
DR SAMUEL RABBETH
Born 1857. Died October 29, 1884, through Sucking the Throat
of a Child Suffering from Diphtheria, at the Royal
Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road



COLONEL SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.M.G.,
Appointed for Special Service in Bechuanaland

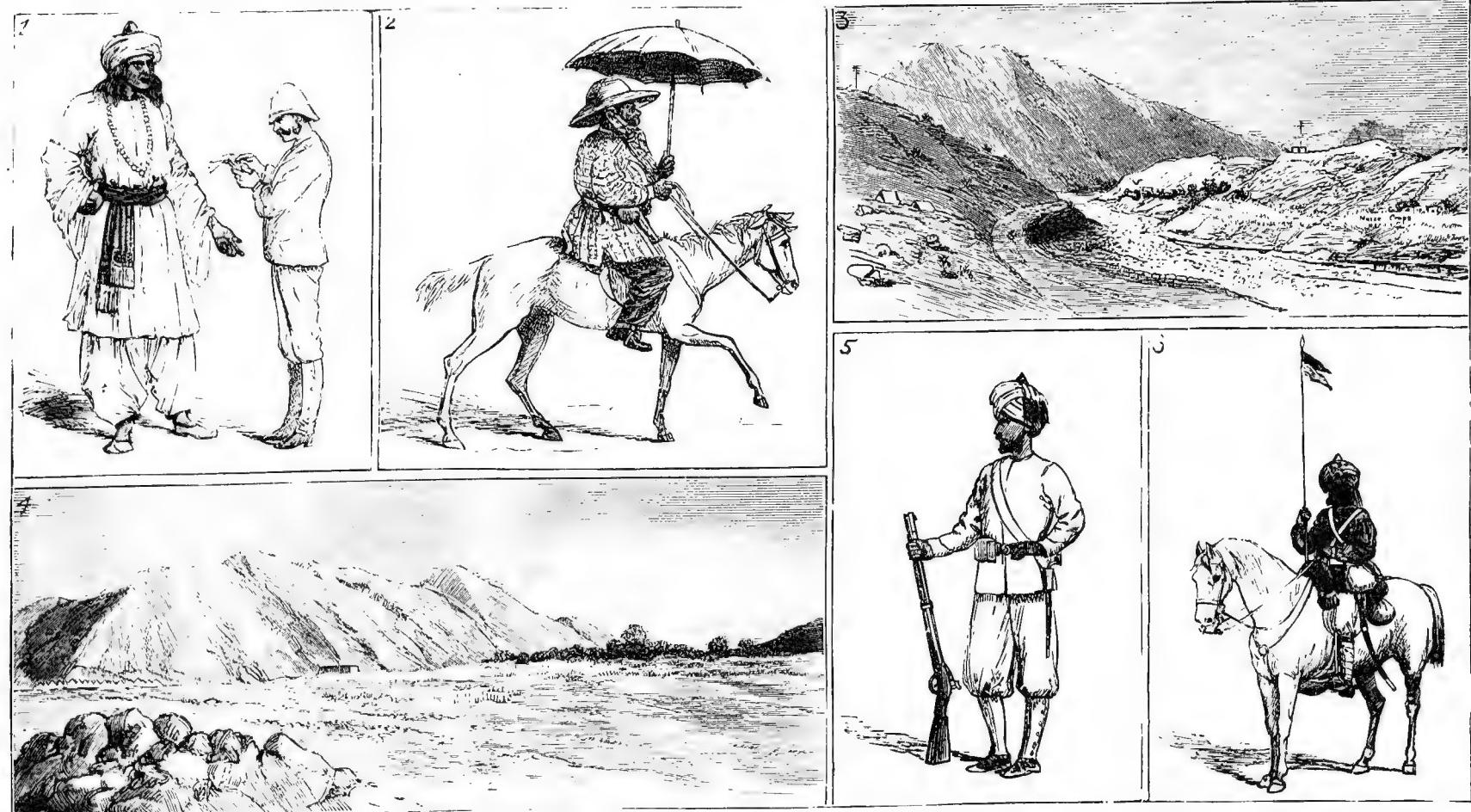


KOROSKO, ON THE NILE, WHERE GENERAL GORDON LEFT THE RIVER
ON HIS RIDE TO KHARTOUM



AN OLD ROMAN FORTRESS ON THE NILE, ABOVE KOROSKO

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



1. Abdoolah Khan, Camel Contractor, and Major Rind, Transport Officer.—2. The Bengali Baboo Arrayed for the War Path.—3. Mach, the Middle of the Bolan Pass.—4. Camp at Sirab, Near Quetta.—5. 20th (Punjaub) Native Infantry, Forming the Infantry Escort.—6. 11th Bengal Lancers, Forming the Cavalry Escort.

WITH THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION

celebrities and notoriety of the hour are always to be seen in their collection, which appears far more to advantage in its new and capacious halls than in its former cramped quarters in Baker Street. Amongst the most interesting additions are the waxen effigies of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart—apparently good likenesses, General Wolseley, and other officers connected with the Egyptian Expedition, an admirable figure of Sir Moses Montefiore, while no prominent politician is absent, a trio of the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Earl Granville being particularly good. The "Extra Rooms"—apart from the Napoleon Collection—now form a perfect Newgate Calendar, and the ghastly details of the gallows and guillotine are displayed in all their terrible realism.



THE SEASON.—There are still some weeks before "Explicit" is written in diaries of 1884. Unless, however, the rainfall of these weeks should prove heavy almost beyond all previous record, it is already fairly clear that the weather remarks will describe 1884 as an uncommonly dry year. Thus far only 15.51 inches have fallen against 24.09 in the same period, and on the average of the last six years. The deficiency of 1884 is likely to be between seven and nine inches, so that 1885 will start with a dry soil and low springs. The month of October has been a small fraction of a degree under the average temperature, one week, from the 7th to the 14th, showing 7 degrees deficiency, and balancing the over-average temperature of the remaining twenty-one days. A daily contemporary says of the country that "an excellent plant of wheat to start with may now be regarded as a certainty," but the state of the land renders it doubtful whether a cold and frosty December might not prove fatal to large areas where the wheat has been sown rather than in soil. As regards other branches of farm work, including threshings, hedge clippings, weed and heap burnings, and root storings, the farmer is capital forward, and the labourer's bill from now to March should be a light one.

THE PRICE OF CORN remains very low, wheat selling for 3s., barley for 3s. 1d., and oats for 19s. 4d., against 40s. 1d., 34s. 2d., and 19s. 5d. in 1883, and 40s. 11d., 34s. 1d., and 20s. 7d. in 1882. The deliveries from farmers are large; wheat, 63,812 qrs. weekly, barley, 159,888 qrs., and oats, 11,372 qrs. The deliveries at this period of 1884 were also liberal of wheat and oats, but of barley they were barely half the present extraordinary total, which is indeed so large that we wonder even so moderate an average as 31s. 10d. has been supported. The price of imported wheat is very low, the finer white sorts being seldom worth more than 35s., and red sorts being obtainable at 30s., and even lower. Maize is comparatively scarce, and makes about 26s., but oats and foreign barley are exceedingly cheap.

WE FEAR THAT THE LABOURERS' TURN to endure may now be approaching, and that Lord Beaconsfield's dictum as to the three agricultural interests and their inseparability is about to be proved true in the third as it has already been in the first and second cases. We hear of labourers being warned that they will not be wanted after the end of the present month, and wages are likely to fall a shilling a week before Christmas very generally. The large harvest profits made by the labourer should of course be saved to tide over the winter period of slackness, but when average earnings do not exceed a pound a week the temptation to "live up to one's income" is very strong.

SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE.—The return of Mr. Sampson Lloyd for this large agricultural constituency by a majority of over eleven hundred can scarcely fail to direct attention to the almost desperate state to which agriculturists are now reduced. Because the corn harvest was literally abundant the general opinion appears to be that agriculture is reviving, but the President of the Farmers' Club was undoubtedly justified when, at the recent meeting, he stated that the agricultural outlook had never been so gloomy as now. Mr. Lloyd advocated the legislative restraint of "excessive" foreign imports of corn, of cattle, and of flour. The increase of the Conservative majority from 160 in 1880 to 1,176 may be claimed as a party victory, but it really means that the farming class voted en masse for the candidate who advocated "fair trade."

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have made their arrangements in reference to the prizes to be offered at the Preston Show, and it has been resolved to include poultry in the Show, a concession which fanciers will appreciate, and which may be expected to add to the financial success of the exhibitions. The dairy classes are also to be much improved, prizes being given by the Society in accordance with a scheme drawn up by Mr. Jenkins, the secretary. The Society has passed, on the motion of Mr. Dent, a recommendation to the Privy Council that they should issue an order providing

for the satisfactory isolation of animals in infected places, and for proper disinfection. Licences for the removal of cattle from the district of one local authority to another have already been found troublesome and unendurable.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT of the Privy Council have given instructions that arrangements may be made in the form of returns, whereby it is hoped that information as to the numbers of cattle, sheep, and swine respectively born on every farm, as well as those of all animals in each of these classes that have died from natural causes on the farm during the year dealt with in the agricultural returns, will be furnished by occupiers. The Royal Agricultural Society recommended that this step should be taken some time ago.

THE VALUE OF LAND.—Speaking at the annual meeting of the West Riding Chamber of Agriculture on Friday last Mr. Charles Clay said it was calculated that eight years ago the landowners held, invested in land, 1,950,000,000/, and during these eight years it had depreciated one-third, or 650,000,000/. The tenant capital invested was to the amount of 450,000,000/. That showed that during the last decade there had been lost to agriculture alone the capital amounting to 500,000,000/. During the same period the loss of income to the landowners amounted to 16,250,000/, and to the tenants 9,000,000/. The total loss of income to both landlords and tenants was 25,250,000/, and such being the case he thought there should be an inquiry as to whether some of this lost money could not be brought back to English agriculture.

MILK.—The admirable address of Mr. G. W. Wyner, delivered at the recent Health Exhibition, has now been published as a pamphlet by Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons. We note that Mr. Wyner purchased 300 samples of milk in London. Of these four proved richer than the average; that is to say, than the official standard of purity. There were 93 samples up to standard and 203 below the average, and therefore improper sales. The percentage of added water in these samples varied from 3 per cent. to 61 per cent., and Mr. Wyner calculates that between three and four hundred thousand pounds, fraudulent and illegitimate profit, is yearly made by milk adulteration in London alone.



ANOTHER WARNING to be careful in their investments, whether temporary or permanent, has been given to trustees by a decision of Mr. Justice Kay, sitting in the Chancery Division. Intending when a good opportunity offered to lend out on mortgage the sum of 500,000/- of trust money, the trustees deposited it in a bank which failed more than a twelve-month afterwards. They have been ordered to refund the money, with the monition that they ought to have invested it in Consols six months after it came into their hands.

THE GARMOYLE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, which now stands eighteenth in the special jury list, will probably be tried next week, and by Mr. Justice Grove. Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Winch are retained for the plaintiff, and Sir Henry James and Mr. R. S. Wright for the defendant. It is understood that the defendant will not appear in person, and the trial will therefore, it is expected, not occupy much time.

IN WHAT ARE KNOWN AS THE TUBBERCURRY TRIALS, at Dublin, Fitzgerald was acquitted on Monday, the judge's summing up being not favourable to the credibility of the evidence tendered by the informers. The verdict was accompanied by a rider to the effect that the corroborative evidence was complicated and doubtful, and that the evidence of the two principal witnesses was unworthy of credence. On Tuesday accordingly the Attorney-General announced that he would not proceed against the other prisoners. This result will not facilitate the administration of the law in Ireland.

MR. HEALY, the well-known Home Rule M.P., has been called to the Irish Bar.



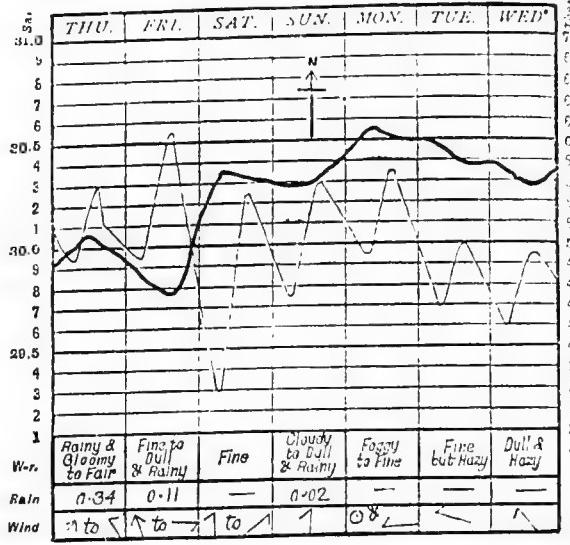
MESSRS. J. AND W. CHESTER.—The first signs of the coming Noël have made their appearance in the shape of "Six Christmas Carols," by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon., and very pretty they are, albeit we must take exception to a new setting of the grand old hymn, "While Shepherds Watched," which is so thoroughly associated with its original and time-honoured melody that it cannot be improved upon. By the same composer is

"Parting." The tender and pathetic words are translated from the German of Heine by J. Snodgrass; the music to which it is allied is very charming.—After the same style is "Hope and Love," the poetry by Thomas Moore; music by Henri Logé,—a very pleasing little song.—"After Years," a love song, written and composed by Emma Ritta and Leonard Barnes—compass from E first line to F fifth line—has a cheerful ending.—Not so "The Three Roses: A Lover's Tragedy," written and composed by Adelae Procter and Henri Logé.—"Whereas," a burlesque ballad, from the operetta *The Nabob's Pickle*, words and music by Frederick Corder, is a rather clever skit upon the romantic ballads of the day.—A dashing and showy galop is "May Breezes," by Farley Newman.—"La Jeunesse Polka," by "Aigrette," is easy and tuneful; the time is well-marked.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS.—"The Hamlet," a part song for male voices, by Schubert, is a tuneful composition for two tenors and two basses.—For mixed voices are "Twelve Volklieder," set to English words and arranged as gales, with solos, by C. T. Kühne. Book I contains "Pastoral Ode," "Tyrolean Home Spell," and "Gin a Body"—we cannot prophesy success in England either for the first or the last—"Come Live With Me and be My Love," and "Comin' Through the Rye," both of which are so popular with the tunes to which they have been so long wedded that they would not be welcome in their German surroundings.—A pretty little song for soprano is "The Song of the Bird," by Beatrice Davenport.—Shelley's sweet poem, "On a Faded Violet," has been set to music by E. J. Troup with taste and feeling.—"Frühlings Gefühl" (Springtime), is a very charming song by Anton Rubinstein, the English version by F. Wyatt Smith. The compass is within the middle octave.—A merry gavotte, entitled "Willkommen," by Th. Klugh, will please wherever it is heard.—"Abendglüh'n" (Souvenir d'Eton), has a very pretty frontispiece to a set of waltzes fairly well written by C. T. Kühne.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM NOVEMBER 6 TO NOVEMBER 12 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line gives the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week the weather over the western and northern parts of the British Islands has been changeable and rainy, but elsewhere very fine conditions have prevailed. In the course of Thursday (7th inst.) and Friday (8th inst.) a depression travelled in a north-north-easterly direction across Ireland and the west of Scotland, causing the barometer to fall markedly generally (see accompanying diagram for the metropolis), and producing strong winds at most places and moderate gales at some of the Irish stations. The weather was cloudy, and rain fell generally—heavily in Ireland, but comparatively lightly in the south-eastern districts. As this disturbance passed away from our area others followed, skirting our extreme north-western coast in a north-easterly direction, keeping the weather there more or less unsettled and showery throughout the remainder of the week. In the mean time the weather over England became influenced by an anti-cyclone which at first lay over France, and, after extending its north-western side to our islands, finally moved away to Scandinavia. Light breezes from varying directions prevailed at this time, and although the weather on the whole was dull with local drizzle, still several intervals occurred, during which fine clear skies and pleasant weather were experienced. Temperature has been a few degrees above the average generally. The barometer was highest (30.55 inches) on Monday (1st inst.); lowest (29.78 inches) on Friday (7th inst.); range, 0.77 inches. Temperature was highest (61°) on Friday (7th inst.); lowest (56°) on Saturday (8th inst.); range, 25°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall, 0.47 inches. Greatest fall on one day, 0.34 inches on Thursday (6th inst.).

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Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Medical Experience to be

THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND The only Cod Liver Oil which Produces the full Curative Effects in CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, THROAT AFFECTIONS, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., Physician to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

DR. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany." "DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oils."

DR. EDGAR SHEPPARD, Professor of Psychology, Med., King's College "DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

SOLD ONLY IN CAPSULED IMPERIAL HALF-PINTS, 2s. 6d.; PINTS, 4s. 9d.; QUARTS, 9s., BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

ANSAR, HARFORD and CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON. SOLE CONSIGNEES.

CAUTION—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

D'ALMAINE'S PIANOS, Half Price. From £15. AMERICAN ORGANS, from £5. All full Compass, warranted for Ten Years, cast iron frame and five other popular Dances. Post free £5. All risk taken. Easiest terms arranged. Liberal prices allowed. Established ten years—gt. Fingay Payment, City, E.C.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, W.

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY.

S.T. ALBANS COACH.—Land and Water of Oct. 18, 1884, speaking of "The Wonder" Coach, says: "The coach, having finished a successful season of 16 weeks, running daily between Eastbourne and Brighton, leaves at 7 a.m. on Monday, Oct. 6, put on the St. Albans road, leaving Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, every day at 10.45, returning to Piccadilly at 5.30 precisely." For further particulars apply to W. and A. Banks, Coach Office, Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly.

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S.T. ALBANS COACH.—The Sporting Life says: "Having finished his season between Eastbourne and Brighton, Mr. Rumney has returned to his old road from the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, to St. Albans, via Chalk Hill, Finchley, Barnet, South Mimms, starting at 10.45 a.m. from the Cellars, and reaching the George Hotel, St. Albans, at 1.15 p.m., returning at three o'clock to Piccadilly, where he is timed to arrive at 5.30 p.m. Sam Clark is still the coachman, and Stanley Cave the guard, whilst the coach is, of course, magnificently well horsed."

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY.

S.T. ALBANS COACH.—The Sporting Life says: "The last coach to come on the

road was 'The Wonder,' which runs from Piccadilly to St. Albans, starting each morning at 10.45 a.m. The fares are 7s. and 12s. from London to St. Albans and back."

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY.

S.T. ALBANS COACH.—The Sportsman says: "We found ourselves able to secure two front seats on the St. Albans coach, 'The Wonder,' now running daily, under the ownership of Mr. Rumney (of Ridge's Food fair), to the old historical Cathedral city. On October 11, 1884, 'The Wonder,' then, however, known as 'The Early Times,' commenced running between Surbiton and the afternoon, and ran up to January 10, 1885, a period of 13 weeks. In the following season 'The Wonder' again ran from Surbiton to London, in conjunction with 'The Brighton Age,' in which Mr. Rumney was then interested. In 1882 we find Mr. Rumney again to the fore with 'The Wonder,' running between Surbiton and London, up to June 10, on which date the coach was stopped, and on the following day was 'put on' to St. Albans. On May 5, 1885, Mr. Rumney began running his coach to St. Albans, via Finchley, Barnet, South Mimms, returning via Watford, St. Albans, Edgware, and Hendon, and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday reversing the order of running."

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY.

S.T. ALBANS COACH.—The Field says: "The 'Wonder' ought to do well, for the road to St. Albans is by no means a commonplace one, and after changing horses at Finchley, the coach bowls along the road to York, made famous by Dick Turpin, and thence through Barnet to Waltham Park, and so through some more picturesque country into St. Albans."

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY.

S.T. ALBANS COACH.—Daily News says: "The last coach to come on the

road was 'The Wonder,' which runs from Piccadilly to St. Albans, starting each morning at 10.45 a.m. The fares are 7s. and 12s. from London to St. Albans and back."

S.T. ALBANS COACH leaves WHITE HORSE CELLAR, Piccadilly, EVERY DAY, at 10.45 a.m., and returns from George Hotel, St. Albans, at 3.30 p.m., children half price.

S.T. ALBANS COACH ("The Wonder") RUNS DAILY. Read what the

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To Renew
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And universally approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DERANGEMENTS, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF NERVE POWER, DEFICIENT VITAL ENERGY, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, HYSTERIA, INDIGESTION, SLUGGISH LIVER, &c.

It has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all other Remedies (so-called) have failed.

The Electric Current it produces IS THE BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The attention of LADIES is directed to the following HIGHLY SATISFACTORY CASE, which is worthy of the closest investigation by all who suffer from these DISTRESSING IRREGULARITIES.

From Mrs. J. HAWKEY, 16, Matilda Street, Barnsbury, London, N. April 21, 1883.
I have received great benefit since wearing your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. Wearing it has improved my health every way. I fail to express in words the satisfaction it gives me. I have not felt so well for years as I have since wearing your Belt. I was under the care of a physician for six months, suffering from the USUAL IRREGULARITIES INCIDENTAL TO RHEUMATIC AND BAD CIRCULATION. I was despairing of ever feeling well again, when I was recommended your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I cannot say enough in favour of it, but I shall be glad to communicate with any lady who would like further particulars of my case.

PAINS IN LOINS.

From Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon.— "I am deriving great benefit from the ELECTROPATHIC BELT recently had of you. The PAIN ACROSS THE LOINS HAS QUITE LEFT ME, and my nervous energy is greatly augmented. Your invention retains its power as long as the Belt lasts."

NERVOUS DELIBITY.

From Mr. W. A. SMITH, 6, Exeter Street, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. October 23rd, 1884.
I am heartily thankful that I ever consulted you for advice with regard to my advanced stage of Nervous Delibity. I do not feel like the same man I did, previous to wearing your Electropathic appliances. I am more fitted for business, for study, and better able to converse than ever before. I have every confidence in the Electropathic Belts, &c. You can give publicity to this if you wish.

INDIGESTION AND KIDNEY DISORDER.

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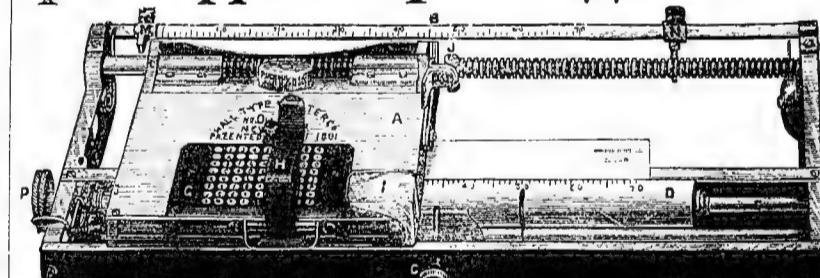
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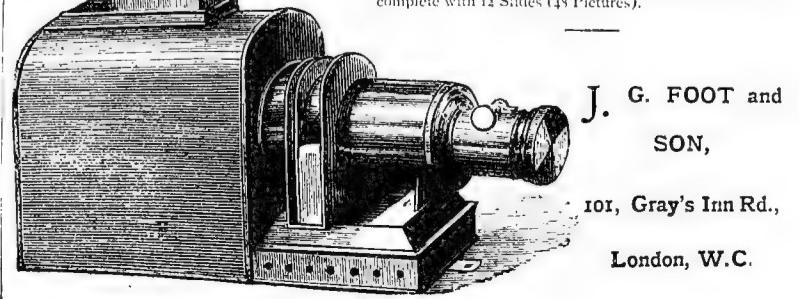
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BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

SO LONG AS MY TRAVELS in Central Asia were confined to Russian territory I felt tolerably safe, but one had to think twice before crossing the frontier. The last two Englishmen who entered Bokhara, namely, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, were put to death by the bloodthirsty father of the present Emir; and it was, therefore, not surprising that some of my friends who remembered that tragic incident thought me running into danger when they heard of my intention to visit Bokhara. On arriving, however, at Tashkend I found the Governor-General willing to give me the required letters to ensure my safety, and I therefore determined to make my way through the Khanate and float down the Oxus.

Thus far I had been accompanied by a young physician, Mr. Sevier, M.B., who interpreted Russian for me, but something more was needed now. I therefore hired a second interpreter, "Yakoob," a Tatar of Kasau, who spoke Russian, Uzbeg, and Tadjik, and the chief of the town of Samarcand was good enough to lend me two of his djiguits, or mounted attendants, to accompany me as far as the Oxus. From Samarkand to Bokhara there is a carriage road, and a journey there would have been easy enough, save that no post-horses can be had beyond Katt-i-Kurgan. The Emir, however, in summer usually escapes from the heat of the city to Shahr-i-Sebz, situated in the mountains near the Russian frontier, and as by my going this way into Bokhara I should get a peep at the hilly country and of Kaishi, I determined to go that way, and deliver my letters to the Emir in person.

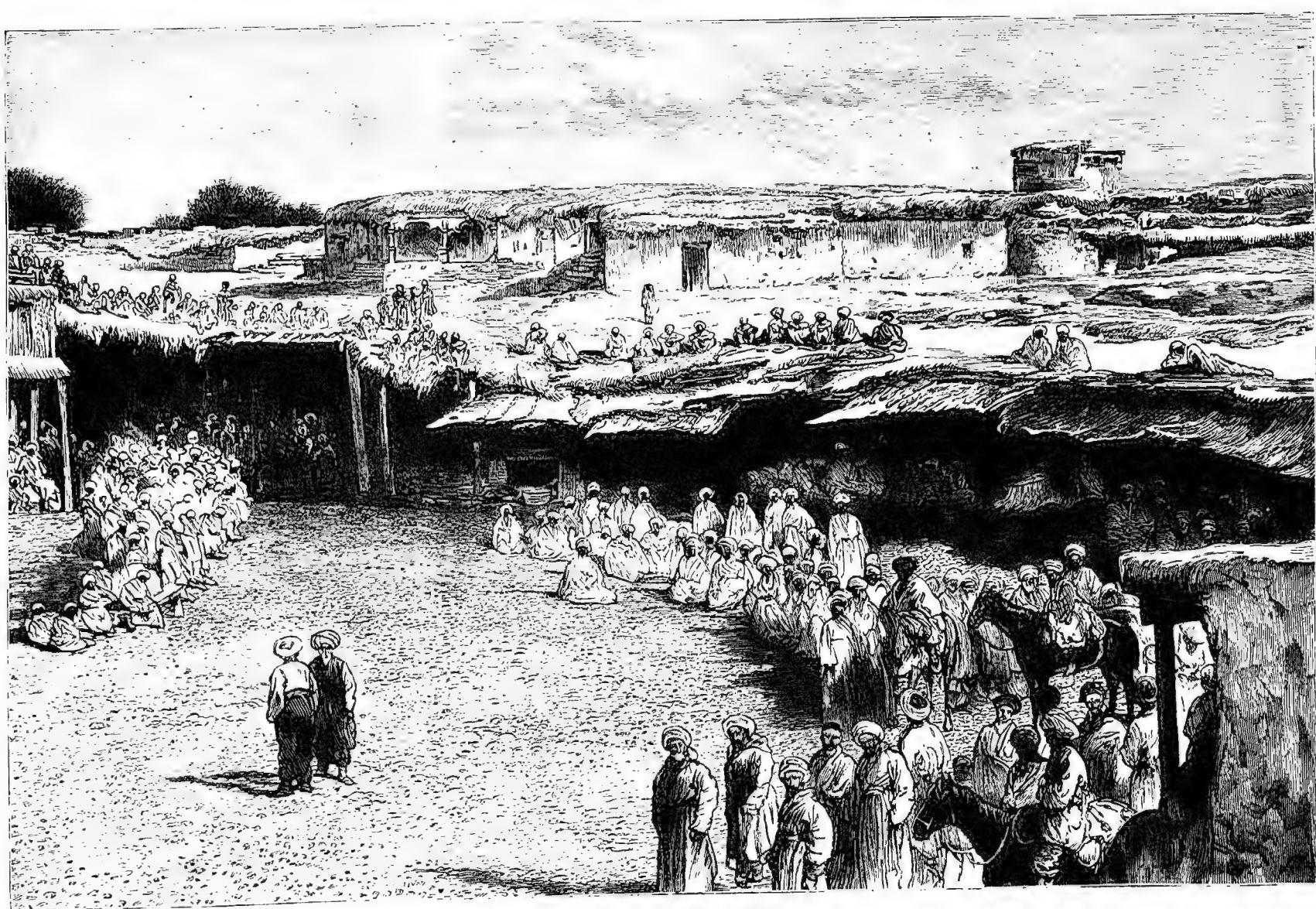
To do this it was necessary to climb to the crest of the mountains of Kitab. We crossed this range on the 3rd of October, and after wading the narrow River Kashka, soon approached the mud wall, fifty-three miles long, which once surrounded the twin towns of Kitab and Shahr, called together Shahr-i-Sebz. Beside these two larger towns, there are within the walls several villages, with fields and gardens. In winter a large part of the neighbouring country is under water, and even in the dry season miasmatic swamps abound. We had to approach the citadel of Kitab by a narrow street, with water and mud up to the horses' knees, and at length arrived at what was to be our lodging. I had read that it was a point of Bokharian etiquette as to how near one should ride up to a palace or courtly house before dismounting. I observed that my retinue descended outside the street gates, but Sevier and I were conducted on horseback right into the



SEID MUZAFFAR-ED-DIN, EMIR OF BOKHARA

messenger came back to say that they thought we should stay at least a week, and that my wish to see the town should be gratified after our audience with the Emir. As we did not see His Majesty until the third day, and we were until that time confined to the premises, it was natural that we should take a good look at them. Our house stood on a bank some half-dozen feet above the courtyard, with a stream of water running near in a trough. In the yard and the adjacent open sheds our horses were picketed, whilst on the other side of the house were sunken muddy flower-beds with chrysanthemums in blossom, watered by irrigation. Near these beds were dwellings resembling offices, into which I began to pry, when Yakoob came running up in alarm to inform me that I was approaching the apartments of the women. Of course I drew back, though so effectually had the fair ones kept out of sight that I had not the least idea that there were any on the premises. I fancy, however, they had seen me, and I perceived that other eyes were upon us also. Six open doors in one small room I had noted rather too much of a good thing, and closed accordingly the three that gave on to the courtyard, leaving open for light and air those facing the garden and offices. One of the attendants came to ask whether I should not like the opposite doors opened so that the air might enter, but I declined, beginning to suspect that what he really wanted was to spy from the yard what I saw doing, and this suspicion increased when, chancing to cast my eyes in the direction of the offices, I perceived a man had taken a seat commanding a view of our room, off which he scarcely took his eyes.

I soon learnt that all I said and did was reported to the Emir. Something had led me to ask how far off the Emir was living. Was he living close by, our house being a part of his palace, or was he a mile off: because it occurred to me that at the time of our reception, if he were living close by, it might be more convenient to walk than to ride. Oddly enough, my inquiry as to what I thought of doing had reached the Emir's ears, and he seemed to have taken my intended conduct as a piece of humility, not thinking myself worthy to ride into his presence. He therefore sent me a message to say that he had heard I talked of walking to the palace, but he desired that I would ride. I accordingly dressed myself for the occasion, mounted my palfrey, and sallied forth. My two djiguits went before, the interpreter came after, and a whole bevy of officials led the way through the



THE MARKET PLACE AT KITAB

court-yard, and then shown into our room. Our house certainly was not of palatial dimensions, for the principal apartment measured only 12 ft. by 10 ft. Perhaps a lack of space was meant to be atoned for by abundance of air, for there were six doors, and over three of them trellised but unglazed windows. We learnt, however, that as the Emir's visitors we should hereafter have better lodgings, but that few embassies came to Kitab.

On our arrival we found the table groaning with trays of sweets and fruit, beside which there awaited me as a present at least half-a-dozen loaves of white sugar and as many boxes of sugar candy, both imported from Russia. I had been told by the Russians that the shortest time etiquette would allow of our staying at Kitab would be three days, and this was the time I told them when asked how long I should remain. My answers were reported to the Emir, and his

streets and the market of Kitab. Of course I looked at the people as we passed through the bazaar, and need I say that they looked harder at me, buyers and sellers even suspending transactions to gaze. All went well, however, and we reached the citadel. This is a large artificial mound, surrounded by high clay walls, having an imposing gateway, with a chamber above and a tower on either side. A number of troops were drawn up, who received me with

518
a military salute, and we dismounted to be ushered into an audience of his Majesty—or, rather, his Highness, as the Russians call him—Muzafer-ed-Din.

The Bokharians have a fanciful conceit that a stranger on being admitted to an audience with the Emir is so overwhelmed with the brightness of his presence that he needs an attendant on either side, to prevent him from falling. I fancy that intercourse with the Russians, who as conquerors do not stand upon such nonsense, is

breaking down some of these customs, or perhaps the attendants did not think me a fainting subject. At all events I have no recollection of being supported into "the presence." The courtiers began to bow immediately they turned the corner of the court, from whence his Majesty was visible. I had received the hint, however, that I should act as if being presented to my own or the Russian sovereign, and I accordingly reserved my bow till I entered the audience chamber. It was a good-sized room, carpeted all over, but without a stick of

furniture, except two roughly made deal chairs, with crimson seats. The Emir was perched on one, and after giving me a feeble shake of the hand, he motioned me to the other. I had seen his portrait at Tashkend photographed, I think, in 1874, from which I presume the engravings had been made, but as I had heard his Majesty spoken of as an old man I expected to see a grey beard, whereas his hair was black, and though apparently in debilitated health he looked to me scarcely fifty-eight, which I heard was his actual age, though he was said to use cosmetics for face and beard. When I had seated myself, Mr. Sevier and Yakoob stood in front, a few courtiers being behind. The Emir began by saying that he had heard I came from far; he was glad that I had come, and hoped that I had recovered from fatigue.

I thanked him, and proceeded to put my various requests, after which I thought perhaps he would like to ask me some questions, and invited him to do so. But as he gave me no answer I rose. Then he said he must consider. Did I mean about England or about my travels? I answered, "Whichever he pleased." "What then is the aim of your travels?" "Primarily," I answered, "to distribute good books in prisons and hospitals, but beside that I am interested in antiquities."

"Now," said he, "I understand your object." I handed him two of my letters, with accompanying translations in Turki, but he hardly glanced at them, and rather impatiently, I thought, put them aside. We then shook hands, and all literally "backed out" of his presence.

I took occasion later on to inquire something of the Emir's manner of life. I was told that he keeps a very simple table, if indeed he can be said to keep a table at all, who I suppose sits on the ground to eat. Also I gathered that he spent but little money, his only pleasures being dancing boys, or batchas, and his wives. In the palace certain men who stand in his presence eat with him, but not at the same table. "What does the Emir eat?" I asked, to which they replied, "Much the same as the fare he provides for

and when going away for the summer takes his books with him." This was in reply to a question of mine, fishing for information as to whether there was in the Emir's palace any library that would give me any hope that it might be that of Tamerlane, but when they spoke of taking his books away in a cart I concluded that they must mean his accounts and government writings. I imagine that it is not any uncommon thing for Eastern Sovereigns to have scandal said respecting their harems, and all the more perhaps because they keep them so secluded. I found that the simple question, "How many wives has the Emir?" elicited some very varying replies. One said "Many." Another "Thirty," for certain. These were, of course, very touchy subjects to ask of courtiers by whom we were continually surrounded, especially as my conversation would be reported to his Majesty, and further, it is considered in Bokhara an unpoltite thing to speak of women, or to make any inquiries after the female portion of the family. Nevertheless, as I had heard what I thought were exaggerated statements, I thought it only fair to put the question to those who would be interested in giving a favourable answer. When, therefore, I asked the courtiers, "How many wives has the Emir?" they replied immediately, "Four." I said that I had heard it was 300, upon which they waxed warm and indignant, and said that I ought to know that one man would be no match for 300 wives. They allowed, however, that His Majesty may have had fifty or sixty, but they said never more than four at a time, and as to how he obtained them, the Emir, they said, had some sister or wives, or other near relations, and that when he wished to marry they told him of pretty girls they knew. To this I added that I hoped they were not angry at my asking, but I thought it better to inquire than to go angry at my asking, but I thought it better to inquire than to go away with erroneous ideas. They thought so too, and said they were not offended.

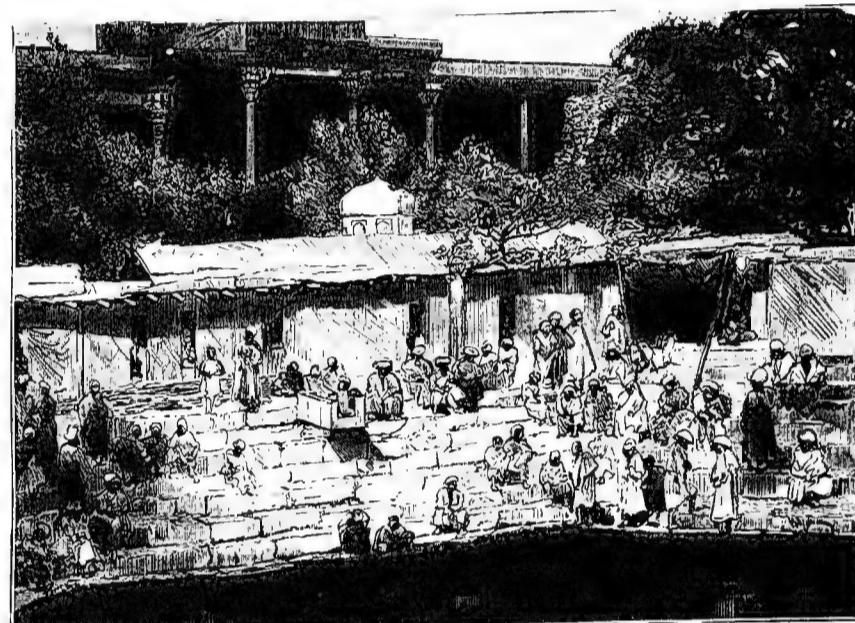
After our audience with the Emir at Kitab we got away as quickly as possible to Shahr, the other twin town of Shahr-i-Sebz. The carriage that took us had been sent from Petersburg to the Emir as a present from the Tsar, and as no one throughout the Khanate but the Emir had the like, it was not surprising that the

chargers were mounted by turbaned postilions, who each as he walked, or at the most ambled, along, kept smiling at his fellow as if he thought the occasion an important, if not a novel, one. Hence we had a leisurely drive, and before sunset reached our destination.

We were conducted to the house where embassies are received, in which was a large room carpeted, with niches in the wall and outside a mud flower-garden. We were told that the Bek would receive us in the evening in the Ak-Sarai, or "White Palace," the original of which was built by Tamerlane. Accordingly, after sunset we went to visit the Bek. At the entrance to the citadel were drawn up some ragamuffin soldiers, with an officer in a red calico tunic. They presented arms, and we crossed the enclosure, in which stood the ruins of two towers, solidly built with large bricks, of the famous palace in which the great monarch used to repose after his campaigns. Their height is 140 feet, and their pure Arabic style of ornamentation in blue and white porcelain, and Persian and Arabic inscriptions, make them striking objects. I was received in a spacious hall surrounded by mirrors about five feet high, and suspected that my reception had been delayed till after dark, that I might be dazzled with this surpassing magnificence.

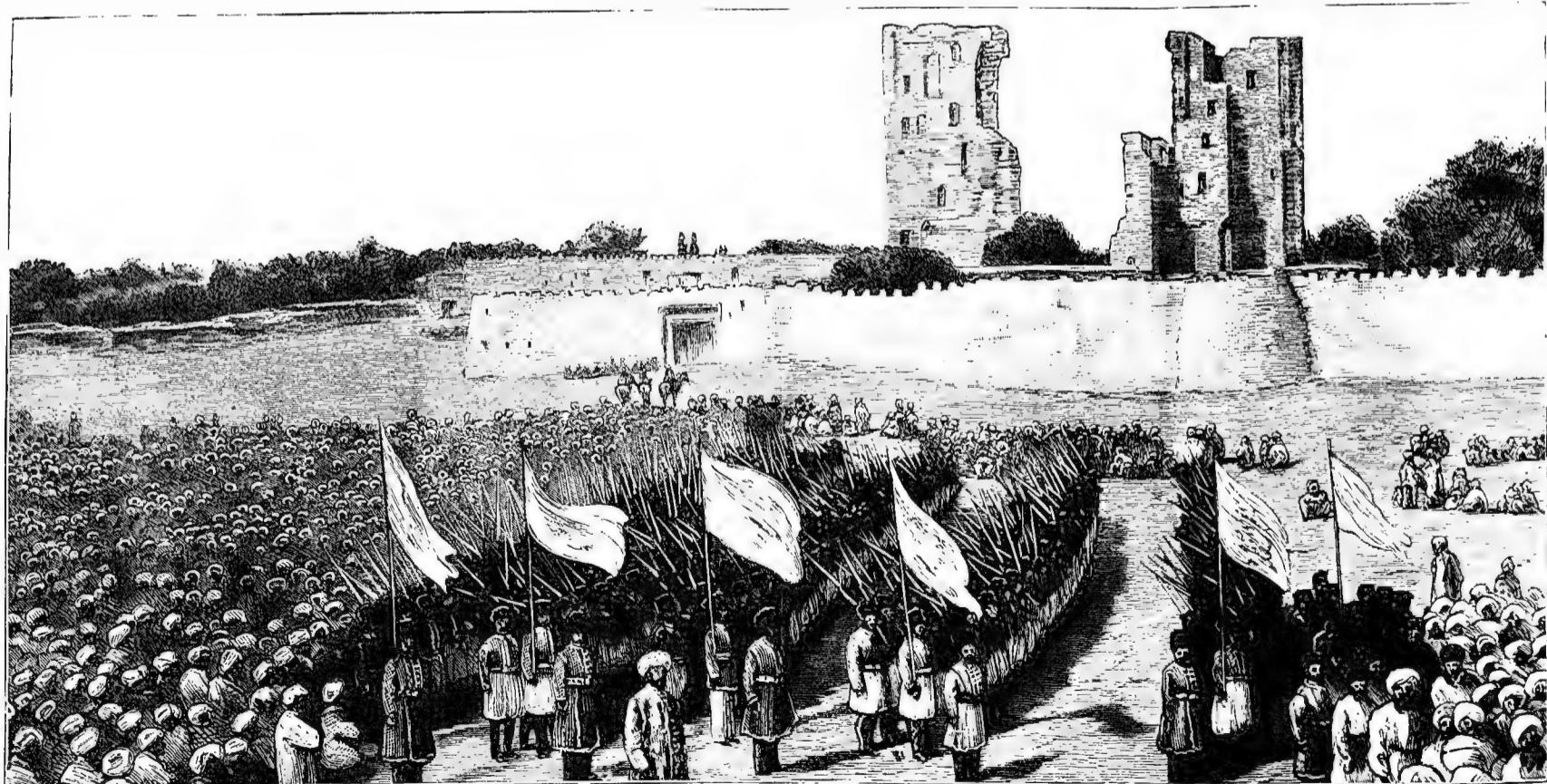
The Bek was one of twenty-nine throughout the Khanate, and told me that he was next to the highest. He sat near me at the table, on which refreshment was served, and there were also some of the Emir's courtiers, who had come from Kitab to entertain us during the evening. I found the Bek much more communicative than his sovereign. It was quite dark when our visit was over, and a crowd outside was waiting to escort us back with torches and lanterns. They had provided us at Kitab with an entertainment of dancing boys, which was not a sight I cared to see more than once. They offered the same performance again, however, at shahr. I did not decline it, but gave the more intellectual of them to understand that it would be a far greater treat to me than seeing the batchas if they would allow me to question them about the country. When, therefore, the batchas were well started with their tomfooleries, we withdrew to my table and notebook, into which I copied much, but left the door open, so that we could see a little and hear only too much of the performers outside. I fear the crowd thought us sadly wanting in taste, and the batchas came now and then, bellowing at the top of their voices some portions of their song, putting the head inside to shout for our special delectation.

Shahr is said to have ninety mosques and three madresses and colleges. So the population is guessed at 20,000, and that of Kitab at 15,000 inhabitants. Kitab lies on a hill at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet; but Shahr is in a marshy plain somewhat lower, and is spoken of as cleaner than its sister city. I did not observe any difference, however, and am exceedingly sceptical as to the accuracy of Bokharian numbers, especially when they amount to four or five figures. I am sure that many travellers have obliged us with



A POOL AT BOKHARA

people gazed hard at the two Englishmen in plain clothes seated in the royal chariot. As we drove out of Kitab the boys ran a-head and kept looking round. This was amusing enough, but it was painful to one's reverence for woman to see that some few of the fair



REVIEW OF BOKHARIOT TROOPS, AND RUINS OF TAMERLANE'S PALACE AT SHAR-I-SEBZ

you, unless perhaps he may have the very best rice and his soup a little richer." He has three meals a day, namely, at sunrise milk, tea, and perhaps meat and meal; dinner, about noon, the time of the midday prayer; and supper at eight. I thought to draw on my informants to speak of his intellectual tastes, if he had any, by saying that our Queen spent time in reading. "Does the Emir read much?" I asked. "On rising he reads, then transacts business, and afterwards reads again. The Emir has several carts,

sex whom we met turned their faces close to the wall, as if they were down-trodden and unfit to be looked at. Our afternoon drive lay through gardens and fields edged with trees, and we crossed about midway the Ak-Daria, an affluent of the Kashka Daria. We soon saw that the people knew far less about driving than riding. Draught horses, they told us, were rare; hence the Emir had lent us two artillery horses, somewhat large and heavy, and attached to our delicate carriage by ropes intended to draw a cannon, whilst our

statistics of population in the Khanate which the Emir himself could not give. I could not even learn what was the population of the Khanate. I have already alluded to the fields and gardens of Shahr-i-Sabz. I may add that I was much struck in Bokhara with the enormous size of the apricot trees. They stand like avenues of old English pear trees, from thirty to forty feet high; whilst in circumference the first I measured was forty-six inches, and the next sixty-three inches,

the latter being about forty years old. The wood is good for fuel only.

The Bek of Shahr told me that they often grow so many apricots that they did not trouble to gather them. They have three sorts in Bokhara, the earliest being ripe towards the middle of June. The second kind, which are white, are obtained by grafting, one peculiarity in the process being that the scion is first dipped into a bowl of fresh cow's milk. Cherry and peach trees did not strike me as so remarkable. Both are grown from the stone, and the fruit of the cherry, being acid, is very little used. Peaches are of three varieties, red, white, and green; but the best are said to come from Samarcand. Vines in the best gardens were in some cases allowed to trail, and in others were trained to form colonnades under which one might walk. They have fourteen different kinds of grapes, and a good crop averages from forty to fifty tons to the acre. Towards the close of the summer the bunches are enclosed in bags, and later on they are cut off and suspended from the ceilings, and so preserved through the winter, but not pressed for wine, of the manufacture of which I neither heard nor saw anything in Bokhara, unless it were to some insignificant extent among the Jews. Shahr-i-Sebz is famous for its pomegranates. They require a more sandy soil than the vine, and are in their season submerged by irrigation every tenth day. They grow at Shahr-i-Sebz one particular kind, with small seeds, called *Bridone*, or "stoneless." The Bokhoriot gardeners think the crop improved by the tree being dwarfed. They have two kinds of plums in Bokhara, yellow and black. Of course, by the beginning of October we were late for fresh fruit, but I observed some *Siah*, or black plums, on a branch suspended in a shop, which I found particularly well tasting. From 150 to 200 pounds usually grow on one tree. The vegetables in use are beetroot, currants, radishes, cabbage, onions, cucumbers, peas, lentils, melons, water-melons, and pumpkins. In small quantities are raised also red pepper, turnips, mushrooms, fennel, and cumin. Melons, water-melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins are sown on well-manured soil, that has been ploughed over at least ten times. The sowing is done in rows. The rising plants are three times hoed, banked up with narrow ridges around, and no water allowed until the plant is sufficiently advanced in growth. Little trenches are made, and water introduced by irrigation once a week. Of pumpkins they have nine sorts, varying in form from that of an ellipse to that of a long-necked bottle, which latter when dried are made to serve for holding liquids.

We were not furnished, so far as I am aware, with a guard in the night at Shahr; but at Kitab there came to us on the second evening the assistant to the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, the commander of a battalion, and a guard of honour thirty strong. There was no need to fear, his Majesty said, but he had thought it better to send us a guard. We were just finishing our evening meal, and I invited the officers in, and, after offering them refreshments, sought to amuse them by showing them a number of handsome engravings of various places in Central Asia; but I thought the officers seemed somewhat obtuse in taking in their meaning. It occurred to me afterwards that they were perhaps the first pictures they had ever seen. The Sunni Muhammadans hold it contrary to their faith to represent anything that has life, whether vegetable or animal, being taught, I believe, that those who paint animals will, at the Day of Judgment, have to put life into them. This, I suppose, they are not certain that they will be able to do; and not a ghost of a picture of any living thing did I see all through the Khanate. To Yakoub, who had been brought up in Russia, all was plain enough, as he looked over the book with pleasure, and inter-

expressed himself willing to prescribe for any who were sick, we could hardly have entered half-a-dozen houses in the capital. The natives were somewhat shy in asking for our assistance, especially in the case of women; but with Jews and Jewesses it was otherwise. One Jew particularly asked us to come to his daughter, whom we found suffering from ophthalmia, which is a common disease throughout the Khanate. The Jewesses were not veiled in their houses, and though they are so in the streets, it is, I believe, rather with the desire of avoiding insult than because of a custom they like.

The native name of the capital is Bokhara-al-Sherif, or "The

room, roofed with a dome, having several doors instead of windows; and niches around inside for goloshes, clothes, &c. On the floor and parallel to the walls were raised benches, about fourteen inches apart, consisting of beams of wood, ten inches high. The pupils sometimes sit on these, or, as we saw them, on the ground, their books resting on the beams. Tables or desks there are none. The floor is usually covered with plaited reeds, or mats, or simple straw. I asked how much the scholars paid, and found that their fees were partly tendered in kind and by way of presents,—say from threepence to a shilling per month, with a present of cakes and raisins.

The first thing a novice does is to repeat after his teacher:

"Merciful God, enlighten the heart of Thy slave."
"Thy slave is a Mussulman."
"Who is thirsting to read the Kur'an."
"He seeks Thy protection."
"For he has sinned much."

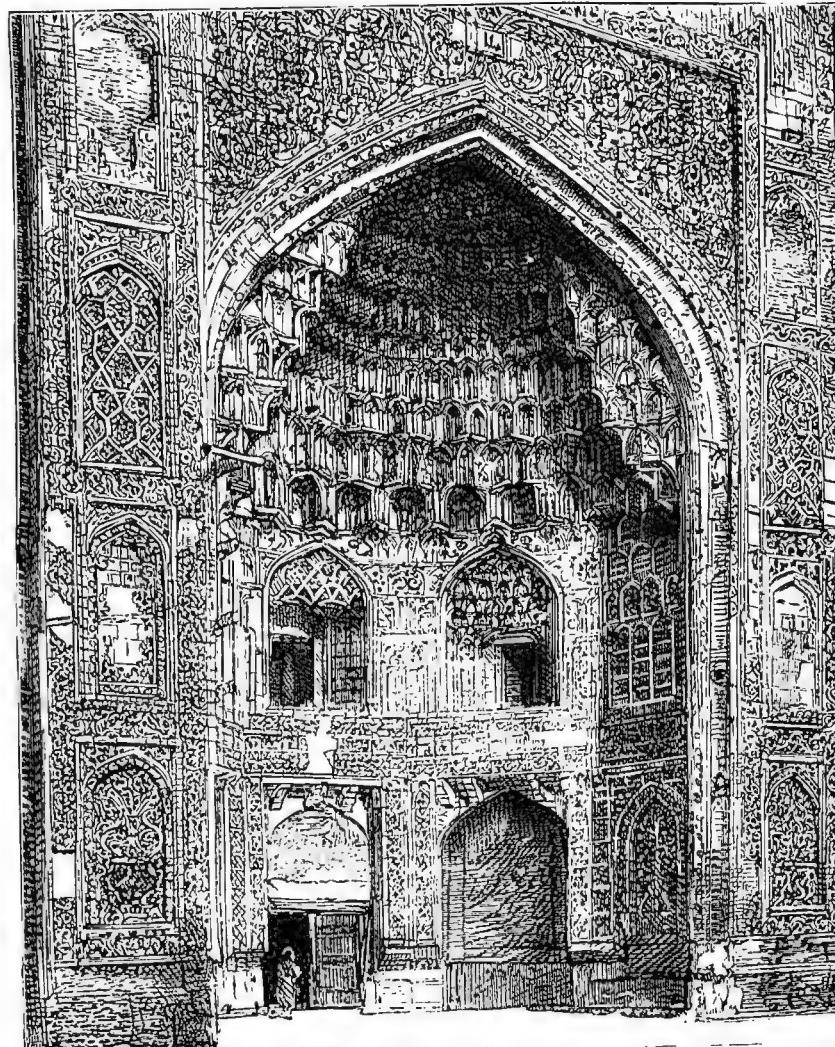
After this dedication, so to speak, the teacher writes the alphabet, gives the pronunciation of the letters, and frequently hands the boy over to one of his *kalfa*, or assistants, who are generally senior scholars. After the alphabet the pupil passes to the *abjad*, which is an exercise of the memory. Then he proceeds to the Kur'an, previous to which he has a day's holiday, and then he is expected to return with a present from the parents. After a certain number of chapters have been studied, a thanksgiving procession is formed, and the pupil goes round, not "with the hat," but a tray, to his friends and relations, who contribute money for the teacher, the procession singing a hymn composed for the occasion. The pupil then passes on to the remaining parts of the Kur'an, the various steps being attended with feasting and giving of presents. All the instruction thus far has been in Arabic, which the pupil has to acquire by rote, but without understanding it. The boy now goes on to certain books in Persian, and finishes with verses in Turk; very zealous pupils are further instructed in Fazul's poetry, written in Uzbek. After this the boy can remain to perfect his calligraphy, which is generally done by those who are intended for *mirzas*, or scribes; whereas those intended for a college training are taught writing in the medresse.

In these lower schools the most unsophisticated simplicity reigns. There is no division in classes, but by the side of one sing-songing the alphabet is another learning the verses of Khoja Hafiz, or not less loudly reading the Kur'an. In the school we entered they all read together, swinging their bodies backwards and forwards, though one boy was permitted to read alone for us to hear. I asked concerning school hours and holidays, and found that the boys are present from six in the morning till five at night, with an interval of two hours at noon. They go on, moreover, all the year round except Fridays, and a week at each of the three Muhammadan festivals. On Thursday each pupil usually brings his teacher a specially-prepared cake, and on that day also the studies close at noon, the teacher, before dismissing his pupils, examining their nails, and banging their heads with a book if the extremities are not found clean. Thursday, too, is commonly a day for paying off disciplinary scores. Thus, if a boy has played truant, some of his fellows are sent in search, and on bringing him back, the culprit is laid on the floor, his feet lifted in noose, and he

is bastinadoed; the right of giving the first blow belonging to the captors. On Thursdays, too, the teacher usually shows the scholars the attitudes of devotion, and concludes by reciting a prayer. Education among the Mussulman women is at a very low ebb. There are, nevertheless, in most towns one or two *Bibi-Kaljas*, whose duty it is to teach girls, for the most part those of the rich. In the school we entered at Bokhara, I had a little conversation with the teacher, and thought to surprise him by telling him that in some of our English schools we have as many as a thousand children, to which he replied with the greatest calmness, as if to give me a Roland for my Oliver, that they had only about twenty-five scholars in each, but many schools. This was only one of many instances in which the self-complacency and crass ignorance of the Asiatics struck me forcibly, for they seemed not to have the least idea that they were behind other people, or needing any improvement.

The most interesting sight in connection with Muhammadanism I witnessed in Bokhara was on the Moslem Sunday. I was curious to see, if possible, the preaching of a Muhammadan sermon at their chief function on a Friday, which is the Moslem Sabbath. Upon inquiry, I was given to understand that the Jumma, or Friday service, would be held in the great mosque, which, in theory, ought to be large enough to hold all the Mussulmans in a city, and they said the service would begin at twelve o'clock. On the morning, therefore, of the day in question I asked to be taken, and we sallied forth. I also wished to visit, I said, the synagogue and quarters of the Jews.

By this time I was fully alive to the fact that I was not to be



ENTRANCE TO THE MEDRESSE OF ABDUL-AZIZ KHAN

Noble," which spoken in a religious sense is its official name among the Muhammadans; for this is the seat of so-called learning and piety. It might be called the Oxford of the Muhammadan world, and Mussulman students are said to come to its schools and colleges from countries as distant as Siberia. We visited early the medresse or college called Kokoltash for 146 students, built, they

told me, about three hundred years ago. I asked what it would cost to erect such a building in Bokhara now, and they thought 1,250/. The medresse is largely supported by legacies, and in the time of Khanikoff, about forty years ago, the three classes of students received respectively from 2/- to 2/- 10s. a year, whilst the emoluments of the professors amounted to 240/. This medresse was the same in form as those we had seen in Samarcand, but far less handsome, and consisted of a quadrangular building, with two stories of rooms opening on a court, with a few trees and a pool of water or fountain. The upper rooms were for students, and are sold to them, whilst the lower are for instruction. The second medresse in importance is the Miri-Arab, concerning which my notes say "114 rooms and 230 mullahs."

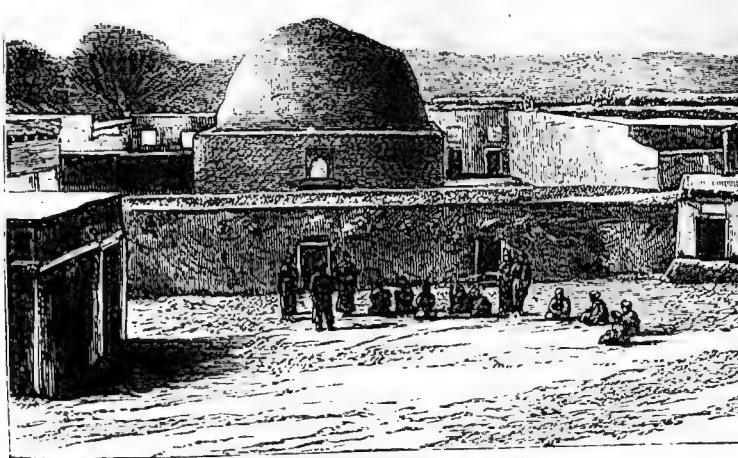
It was built, Vambery says, in 1529, and its rooms cost from 53/- to 60/-, whilst those of the preceding college cost from 65/- to 80/. The natives are fond of fixing the number of their medresses at 365. Burnes gives them at 366; Vambery "not more than 80," but Khanikoff, from the Emir's register on which the grants to them are entered, at 103. This last authority also gives the number of students in 1840, when the Emir granted them part of the taxes, and it was found their aggregate amounted to 10,000.

Other mosques are to be seen on the sides of the Rghistan in the market-place, where also there is a pool, around which loungers congregate. Here we dismounted, the better to go in and out among the stalls for the sale of small wares, after which we visited several mosques and medresses. Near the Medresse Divan beggi is a square pool called Liabehaus Divan beggi, the sides being of square stones, with eight steps to the water; and shaded around with mulberry trees of a century's growth. Here are numbers of tea and refreshment stalls, from which one may see the people drinking, or performing their ceremonial ablutions in the pool.

As we were riding one morning along the streets of Bokhara, I inquired the meaning of a singing noise that proceeded from a house we were passing, and I learned that it was a school. We dismounted immediately, and entered. There were from twenty-five to thirty scholars, of ages from six to thirteen—a good specimen of one of the Maktab, or lower schools, just as in the medresses we had seen specimens of the upper schools or colleges of Central Asia. Both are usually attached to the mosques, and maintained on the *wakuf*, or foundation; but if the schools are not so maintained, they are kept up partly at the expense of the parishioners and of the parents of the scholars.

The teachers of the lower schools are usually chosen from among the inhabitants of the district in which the school is situated, and who are taxed at the rate of from sixpence to a shilling per house for the teacher's support.

The building we entered was small and simple enough: a single



THE COURT MOSQUE AT KITAB

interpreted, but it raised a curious question in my mind as to what would be the impression produced on a man's mind at forty years of age who then saw a picture for the first time in his life.

I had nothing to keep me at Shahr, and therefore left the next morning, and proceeded on our way to Chirakchi, where we were met by half-a-dozen courtiers, gaily dressed, who said that the Bek, who was the Emir's son, had sent them to welcome me, and inquire for my welfare. We stayed the night at this place, and then went on to Karshi, and so forward to "Bokhara, the Noble," which is the capital. In our wanderings in the Khanate we met with Tadjiks, Persians, Jews, Hindoos, and Uzbeks. Of the last we had seen comparatively few on Russian territory, for they comprise only 6 per cent. of the entire population of Russian Turkistan. In Bokhara they form the ruling race. The Khan of Khiva and the Emir of Bokhara are both proceeded from the Min section of the Uzbeks. The Uzbeks have, however, lost their tribal and political importance; most of them have mixed with the Tadjiks, Kirghese, and other races, and have settled down and become known as Sarts. Hence, in the bazaar at Bokhara a crowd does not appear of quite so motley a character as in Kuldja, and in speaking of the natives of Bokhara we usually heard the one general word "Sart" applied to comprehend the whole—the Jews, of course, excepted. We were kept under such close espionage that it was very difficult to see anything of the home life of the people, and had it not been that Mr. Sevier

allowed to see too much, and I learned that from my continual taking of notes I was suspected to be a spy. Accordingly our conductors seemed not to be too well pleased at the idea of my seeing the Jumma service, and were leading us off first to the Jews' quarter, which would have brought us to the mosque when the service was over. I detected this, and insisted on going at once to the mosque, and in due time we rode up to the great building,

I entered the mosque just before the service commenced, and



A TIBETAN COW AND NATIVE KEEPER

wished to go forward that I might see well and hear, but my conductors seemed anxious to put me out of sight, I suppose because I was an "infidel," and they would evidently have liked that after peeping in, I should withdraw. But I was not minded to do so. Yakoob appeared to take sides against us, and urged that the people would look at us, and thus lose the benefit of their prayers. I simply replied, "Then tell them not to look!" This mild altercation was going on near a corner at the back of the worshippers, when suddenly the mollah's voice sounded, which put an end to all discussions, and the Emir's men, with Yakoob among them, went off to take their places.

Sevier and I were now left in the corner with one of the horsemen who remained faithful to us, calling Yakoob somewhat of a hypocrite, for that he had put on in Bokhara a white turban, and was manifesting Muhammadan zeal, only to curry favour with the local authorities, whilst at other times and places he did not even observe the stated hours of prayer. As for Kolutch, my attendant, I suspect that holding the office of a djiguit, in the service of the Russians, had not strengthened his Muhammadanism, and without our asking he quickly wrapped up a garment for me to sit on, and we all three took our places against the wall, and quietly watched the proceedings.

The building is one of the most solid constructions in Bokhara, and as I sat within I felt exceedingly glad that I had declined to be shut out, for I am free to confess that no religious service I ever attended in any country, or any building, brought before me so vividly as did this, what I had pictured in my mind as the ancient Temple service in Jerusalem. The interior of the great mosque at Bokhara consisted of a large unroofed, entirely open court 300 feet square, and capable of accommodating, they say, 10,000 worshippers. The sides are surmounted by what Dr. Schuyler calls "a wide vaulted cloister of brick, two and sometimes three aisles in width," but which I had put down as a succession of colonnades. They brought to my mind the expression "a pool at Jerusalem having five porches," or *stoas* (John v. 2). In front of us, and at the end opposite the entrance, was a tall facade, or *pish-tak*, faced with coloured bricks, and surmounted by a dome over the two arches, forming the sanctuary we had seen in other mosques, where the mollah prays towards the *kiblah*, whilst in front of these arches, and standing a little outside, was a low construction that I judged intended for a pulpit, or reading place.

The service began on a long sustained note uttered by a mollah from the sanctuary upon which the men, arranged in ranks with strictest precision, all knelt, then rose, and stood praying and bowing in silence. Some of the worshippers knelt in clusters of two and three, but always in a line. As for the behaviour of the congregation I can only speak of it as *most reverent*. One or two did now and then look round at the "infidel" strangers in the corner, showing that Yakoob's fear was not altogether groundless, but their eyes were quickly withdrawn, and the service as a whole was outwardly far more devout than that of an average Christian assembly, whether Anglican, Roman, or Greek.

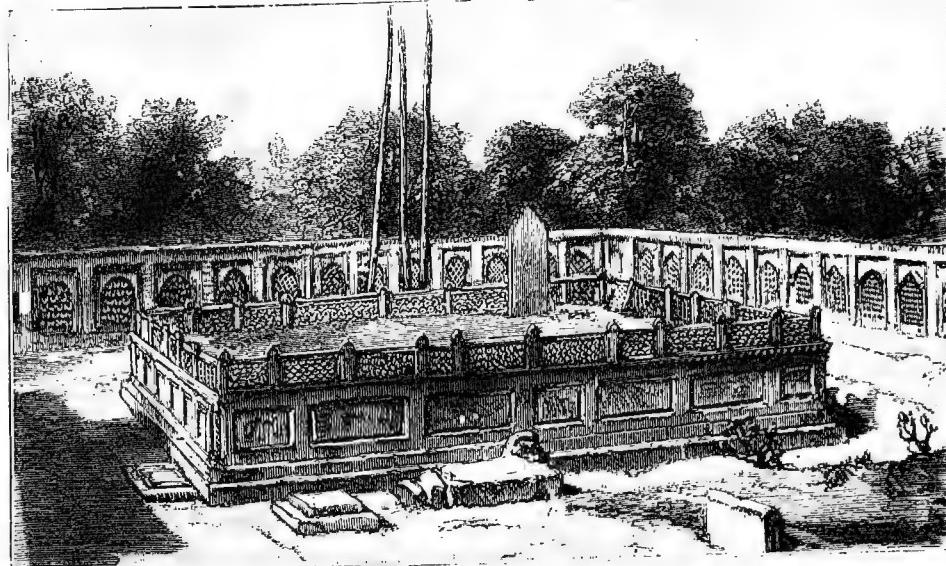
Although at the extreme end, and out of doors, as I have intimated, we could hear quite plainly the mollah's words from the sanctuary, and further on in the service some sentences were uttered by another mollah from under one of the stoas on the right, about

"infidels." The Emir's men were ready, not to say in haste, to take me off, but I had noticed one thing that I was anxious to inspect. It very much resembled a font, and remembering that Nestorian Christianity had once been known in the land, I wondered whether it could have come down from those mediæval times. Accordingly I went up to it and looked around, over and under, if perchance there might be on it some Christian emblem or device, but whilst so doing I was quickly surrounded, the crowd looking, I fancied, not too well pleased, so that if ever I felt nervous in Bokhara it was at that moment, for I thought they might misinterpret what I was doing, and set upon me. I did not linger, therefore, over my inspection, but seeing nothing that led me to suppose the basin to be of Christian origin, I joined my conductors,

Bek was another son of the Emir. He was living in some state in the fortress at the entrance to the citadel, which resembled to some extent the one at Kitab. About 150 soldiers were drawn up. We were saluted with a fanfare of trumpets and other musical instruments—a grander reception than we received from the Emir. Attendants with white wands ushered us forward, and finally a military commander introduced us to His Royal Highness the Bek, a youth of eighteen or nineteen, perhaps, dressed in gold brocade and cashmere turban. I apologised for not presenting myself in courtly apparel, since I had parted company with my tarantass, whereupon he asked us to stay longer. I told him that we were already behind our time, that we had a long and difficult journey before us, and we begged in consequence we might not be detained. He consented that our journey should be sped, after which I requested to be allowed to see the prison, and also to go to the top of the fortress for some high place, my object, as before, being to get a bird's-eye view of this wonderful town of 100,000 inhabitants. To my surprise the Bek consented, after which I invited him to ask questions. He had none to ask, he said, but was willing to listen for an hour if it would please me. This was an unexpected turn of the tables, and I racked my brains for things that would give him some idea of the grandeur of England. I told him that London had over a million inhabitants, that our Queen had over a million tenas a year, and I enlarged on the size of our 600-pound guns, which last piece of information he capped by saying that these guns were as long! From this I passed to the numbers of our army, churches, and clergy, and he seemed to have nothing whatever of the phonological bumps of wonder or of interest, and I gave up my self-imposed task of trying to enlighten the youth.

On leaving I examined some antiquated cannon, lying about in the court, some old matchlocks and muskets hanging near the entrance, and also the musical instruments, which I suppose were the nearest approach I had seen to Nebuchadnezzar's band. Later in the day I secured a wooden pipe sixteen inches long, with expanding end like a clarionet, called a *sur-nal*, which may be seen in the Ethnographical Department of the British Museum.

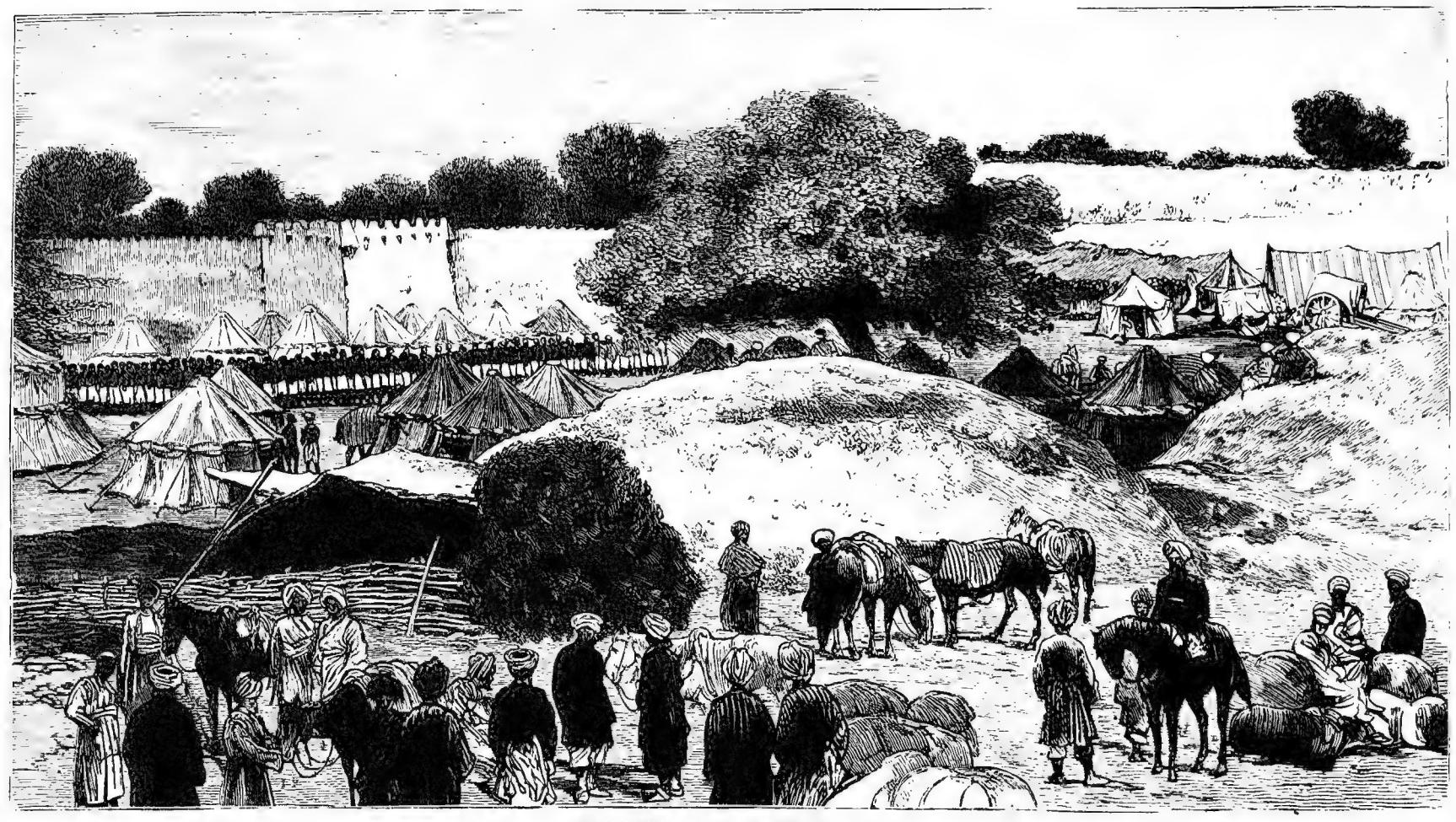
On returning to our lodging we found that our house was to be guarded by sixteen soldiers, which may have had a little more meaning than our guard at Kitab, since on the very night we were at Charjuy there were some Turkomans caught in the neighbourhood and imprisoned. Charjuy, in fact, is a frontier fortress against the Turkomans, whilst further down the Oxus, at Kabakly, is another garrison, with a walled fortress; whilst on the right bank of the Oxus, near the Russian frontier, is a fortified encampment where Bokharian soldiers are supposed to be placed as a protection for caravans against the marauding Turkomans. Charjuy was once a notorious place for the sale of slaves. I had supposed that this iniquitous traffic was now completely stopped in Bokhara, thanks to the pain the Russians have taken that it should be so. I neither saw nor heard anything of slavery in the Khanate, but a Russian author, Mr. Stremouhoff, declares that though the slave markets are officially closed and the traffic forbidden, yet that slaves are bought and sold in the Khanate, and that even the Emir connives at it. I am sorry to add that I have recently heard from Colonel Stewart, who has been living on the Turkoman frontier, on the Persian side,



TOMB OF ABDULLAH-KHAN AT BAHU-UD-DIN

who took me out of a side door, sent to my attendant to bring our horses there, and hurried us off, seemingly glad to get us away.

Besides the mosques and medresses in the City of Bokhara, they have a remarkable place of pilgrimage outside the walls, at a place called Baha-ud-Din. It lies on the road between Bokhara and Kattur Kurgan, and on leaving the Samarcand Gate one passes through gardens along a broad road, intersected with ditches and planted with trees. The road is much frequented by pilgrims on their way to the tomb of the renowned Baha-ud-Din Nakishbend. This Muhammadan saint died in 1333, and was the founder of an Order of Dervishes bearing his name, who are spoken of as the fountain of those religious extravagances which distinguish Eastern from Western Muhammadanism. He is looked upon as a second Muhammad, and a pilgrimage to his tomb is consequently next in merit to a journey to Mecca. Near the shrine of the saint is the tomb of the great Abdullah Khan, one of the most renowned of the Emirs of Bokhara. He was born in 1533. It was during his time that trade relations were first requested by Ambassadors sent in 1552 from Bokhara to Samarcand to John the Terrible.



ENCAMPMENT OF BOKHARIOT SOLDIERS

half way down. Again all the worshippers stood, then bowed down, and then prostrated themselves to the ground, after which I was told the "Jumma" was finished, and something else was to begin, but I did not make out that it was to be of the nature of preaching, but rather of staying behind for private prayer. The great mass of the congregation began now to move, and with their faces towards the exit of course they had a full view of the

Six years before the English merchant Master Anthony Jenkinson landed at Mangishlak, on the Caspian, and having travelled across the Turkoman deserts to Bokhara, returned the following year. The part of the Bazaar at Bokhara that is now best preserved was built by this sovereign in 1582, as also the bridge at Kermineh, and another I crossed at Karshi.

From Bokhara we proceeded to Charjuy, on the Oxus, where the

that from inquiries he has made he finds that whilst there is no buying of slaves in Khiva, yet that Persian girls can be, and are, sold at Charjuy. As he left the neighbourhood only a few weeks ago I speak thus openly with his permission, in the hope that it may come under the eyes of the Russian authorities, who, I trust, will have the matter investigated.

HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"How could you have been so many months without coming near me?"

FROM POST TO FINISH :

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DANCING MASTER PROVES INCORRIGIBLE

A LETTER from Aunt Mary confirmatory of Thorndyke's words did much to reconcile Ellen to Gerald's present course of life. That it was right for a Rockingham to ride races for hire she could not believe, any more than it would be that he should drive a cab. It was a comfort to find that the world looked leniently upon it, and regarded the affair apparently as a piece of pardonable eccentricity. She was not blind to the independent spirit Gerald had shown, and upon which John Thorndyke had laid such stress, but she did wish it had taken some other direction. Surely he might have found something better to do than race-riding. Ellen did not know what a well-paid profession jockeyship was in these days, nor did she quite understand the difficulty a young gentleman, with no special qualifications, had about finding something to do.

Suddenly it occurred to Ellen that she had forgotten to confide to Mr. Thorndyke the more serious part of Gerald's offending—to wit, his contemplated marriage. Surely Mr. Thorndyke would not approve of Gerald's marrying out of his class. That could have nothing to do with "the spirit of independence" so much lauded,

and even the Rector of St. Margaret's, liberal as he was in his ideas, could hardly approve of such a fusion of classes as that marriage would be. Then it suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that, much as she valued the opinion of John Thorndyke, it was quite possible her brother might see no necessity for the Rector's approval on a matter so nearly concerning himself. Moreover, Mr. Thorndyke had already declared that he had no plea upon which to interfere in Gerald's affairs, and had given her to understand that only to rescue the lad from a dissolute life, and at the earnest desire of his people, could he have any pretext for meddling with Gerald in any way. Now Gerald was doing nothing of that sort, but was leading a steady, hard-working life from all accounts, so Ellen sorrowfully came to the conclusion that it would be useless to ask his advice about that siren Dollie.

The dead season, as racing men call it, had now commenced; that is to say, the legitimate racing year was finished, and till the saddling-bell pealed forth on the Carholme at Lincoln turfites had nothing to do but to study the "Calendar" and discuss the events of the past twelve months. No story perhaps was more bandied about than that of Gerald Rockingham, for all race-goers, as well as society, knew now that he and Jim Forrest were one. Gerald had thrown

off all disguise about it, and though he still retained his assumed name of "Jim Forrest," frankly admitted to all who cared to know that he was the son of Alister Rockingham.

The promulgation of his real name, to tell the truth, promised to do the young fellow considerable good. He had already shown that he was an artist in the saddle, capable of holding his own with the foremost jockeys of the day, and many an old friend of his father's followed Lord Whitby's example, and promised to give him a turn when the game began again. Gerald, of course, wrote openly now to his own people concerning his career. He told them how well he was doing, how he had already money in the bank, and how high were his hopes for the future. About Dollie he said nothing, but Ellen did not augur there was any likelihood of his engagement falling through from such ominous silence. Still, all that winter, though his letters were frequent, he never came to York. He remitted more than one comfortable little cheque to St. Leonard's Place, but pleaded he was too busy studying his profession to have time even to run up at Christmas, at which Mrs. Rockingham made vehement protest. But it was no use, Gerald remained resolutely at Newmarket, where he volunteered to give a canter, when weather permitted, to any horse requiring one, and

Mr. Pipes, with whom he had become a great favourite, more than once invited him to give some of the Panton Lodge colts "a lesson," which his patience, tact, and delicacy of hand made really invaluable to a nervous young one. But this Gerald steadily declined to do. He made some trivial excuse at first, but at last told the trainer right out that, handsomely as Sir Marmaduke had always behaved to him, he could not forget that the Baronet had taken his jacket away; and, therefore, he could not think of interfering in his stable without express orders from him, which, as Sir Marmaduke was away gambling at Nice, shooting pigeons, and fruitlessly endeavouring to break the bank at Monte Carlo, he could hardly be expected to attend to give.

Still, Gerald worked hard that winter, and was constantly on the back of some awkward-tempered colt, employed in the not very enviable task of teaching it manners, and before the public were hurrying to Lincoln to once more try to pick the winner of that most difficult of handicaps, and lose their money by backing the always beaten favourite for "The Brocklesby's," the Newmarket trainers had come to the conclusion that there wasn't a lad at Newmarket that could communicate such confidence to a nervous "young one" as Jim Forrest, and many were the good-natured assurances that he needn't fear but what he'd get plenty of riding in the coming season.

We all have our days, our seasons! What ordinary shooting man does not remember the day on which it seemed he couldn't go wrong, could not miss them if he tried? Many of us can recall that day in the racquet court when we played a good seven aces over our game, and astonished our friends in the gallery not a little. Billiards the same; and what hunting man does not recollect the time he got well away with the leading hounds, slipping the whole field by a quarter of a mile or so, and his blood up, riding as he never did before nor since? So it is with racing, and old turfites can recollect "Sir Joseph's" year, more than one of them, but '51 will do for sample, Mr. Merry's, "The Baron's," a very complication of triumphs, and latterly, Lord Falmouth's. This coming season was destined to be known in turf lore as Lord Whitby's and Jim Forrest's year. The Fates, tired at last, it may be presumed, of persecuting that irascible nobleman, seemed to have handed him over to be the spoilt child of Fortune; and from the Craven Meeting all through the year his lordship's well-known colours were seen continually in the van. True to his word, he had commenced by giving Jim Forrest some of his riding, and Jim was not the man to throw away a chance when he really had a good horse under him. As he scored victory after victory for his employer, Lord Whitby, to whom a series of successes were extremely titillating on account of the rarity with which such triumphs had been vouchsafed him, was in high good humour with his new jockey. He somewhat over-estimated his horsemanship, and, forgetting that he had a better lot of colts than it had ever been his luck to own before, vowed that Jim Forrest was the best jockey on the turf, "and then, by Jove, sir, he's a Rockingham, and one knows he'll ride straight," a remark which, though doubtless true of Gerald, conveyed a rather unfair insinuation against the majority of his colleagues.

Sir Marmaduke, on the contrary, and his followers, had so far been singularly unfortunate. Mr. Pipes had the mischance to get that bane of trainers, influenza, into his stable, with the usual result—his charges all the first part of the season were rarely quite themselves, while in some of the worse cases it had been found hopeless to get them ready, and more than one rich stake, which had been apparently at Sir Marmaduke's mercy, had to be abandoned, because his representative was *hors de combat*. Notably was this the case with the flying Atalanta, who had proved herself about the best two-year-old in training last season. She was very heavily engaged, and apparently her taking the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks was a mere question of health. She had been smitten so badly with this curse of racing stables that it was questionable whether she would ever recover her form during the present campaign, and what made the matter still worse was the well known fact that when fillies, in racing parlance, lose their form at three years old, they are apt to never recover it.

Even in this Jim Forrest's star was to a certain extent in the ascendant, for Sir Marmaduke, upon hearing from Mr. Pipes what Forrest had said when asked to handle some of his horses in the winter, chose to take umbrage at Jim's refusal, and consequently never offered him a mount, whereby Jim was probably spared discomfort on more than one occasion, as the Baronet's string apparently couldn't win even a selling race.

You may be sure Jim's career was closely watched in St. Leonard's Place. The widow took to studying the sporting news again as she used to do at the zenith of her husband's turf career, but with infinitely less trepidation than had come to her in latter days. She did not associate, poor soul, any danger with the race course, except that of gambling, and she was assured that Gerald did not do that; nor did he. He betted at times, as every one connected with the turf does, but he could not be called a regular speculator. Still, he was putting together a very nice little nest egg, and towards this Lord Whitby, who was as open-handed as he was hot-tempered, not a little contributed. He was now most thoroughly established in the very front rank of his profession, in receipt of retaining salaries from both Lord Whitby and another well-known magnate of the sporting world. Sir Marmaduke more than once regretted his severance with Jim Forrest; "not but what," he would say ruefully to his great ally, Captain Farrington, "it don't much matter who's up on such a lot of half-trained devils as all ours are this season." There was one exception, and that was the Dancing Master; the influenza had affected him but slightly, and merely necessitated a slight stoppage in his work during that bitter spring time. Mr. Pipes, like Bill Greyson, had conceived an immense opinion of the horse's capabilities; but he also recognised that the horse equally had an opinion about when it was necessary to exert himself, and that unfortunately seldom coincided with that of his owner and trainer. Mr. Pipes was used to deal with all sorts of equine tempers; but he candidly confessed that "the Dancer" was a puzzler. He tried—as all trainers do nowadays who know their business—coaxing, patience, and the tenderest handling; but "the Dancer" was not to be cajoled with lumps of sugar, either practically or metaphorically. That wilful quadruped had stuck in the idea apparently with his mother's milk—she was a jaundiced-tempered matron—that he was to have his own way in this weary world, and could not be got to comprehend that horses are born to servitude. No; they could make nothing of him in the Panton Lodge stable. When he was tried just before the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting, he galloped like a lion, and in the *argot* of the racecourse made his antagonists "lie down;" but in the actual race, three days afterwards, he never showed at all; and Blackton once more energetically pronounced him the greatest coward in training.

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied Mr. Pipes in answer to Blackton's remark just after the race; "the beggar can stay, and is game enough when he means winning; but, damme, I can't help thinking he stands in with the bookmakers, and runs for them instead of for us whenever he's backed."

"I don't quite know what to think, Pipes. He failed at Epsom, the same at Doncaster, and now again over the 'Ditch In' for the Clares. He wins over the Rowley Mile the only time he ever wins. It looks to me as if he couldn't get further, and that he's been run ever since out of his distance."

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied the trainer; "it's his beastly temper."

"It's his want of heart," said Blackton, as he turned and walked sulkily away.

"Get him ready for the Hunt Cup at Ascot," said the Baronet, curtly. "If he gets in well—and he must—I'll stand him a raker for that, and if he fails us then Bill Greyson may have him back again at once. Better he paid for his corn than me."

In writing the wonderfully romantic narrative of Gerald Rockingham's unprecedented turf career it is difficult to keep clear of the mistake of becoming a mere volume of the Racing Calendar. Continuous repetition of sporting stories of the same description is apt to wax tedious, indeed, in these times it is so easy to bear a little too heavily upon any subject, and writing as I do within half-a-mile of Westminster, I may surely add talk too much on my subject. Parliament Street is thick with verbiage, national business at a standstill, while the six hundred and fifty windbags that represent the nation are still busily engaged in emulous cackle.

For the above reason it is necessary to pass somewhat rapidly over the racing of this year, and simply record the fact that the Dancing Master was allotted a weight in the Hunt Cup which, conjoined with the fact that the horse was extremely well, made the Panton Lodge people regard his chance as an immense one, should he only take it into his head to run kindly. Sir Marmaduke adhered to his before-expressed intention, and backed the horse to win him an enormous stake, which he was easily enabled to do, from the known uncertainty of the animal's temper, at a very liberal price. Once more did the erratic Dancing Master betray the confidence of his new owner. Indulging in quite uncalled-for gambols at the post he got a very indifferent start when the flag eventually fell, but going like a bolt from a catapult when he did go, his tremendous speed enabled him to catch his horses as the hill was topped, and the gay-coloured troop came within view of the Stand. Anxious to take a good place, Blackton immediately afterwards hustled him a little, and just as Farrington exclaimed "he means it at last, Marm," the uncertain brute determined not to be put out of his way by any one, shut up, and declined to make another effort.

This last exhibition of the grey's temper was enough for the Baronet; he came to the conclusion that Blackton was right, and that the colt was a rank coward, and ordered his trainer to send him back to Riddleton forthwith. To Mr. Pipes's suggestion that they had better keep the colt a little longer, Sir Marmaduke replied curtly,

"Certainly not; I can't afford to give him another chance. He's cost me about twenty thousand already, first and last, and would be a perpetual temptation if I kept him on the premises. Send him back to Greyson next week. He may be the best colt in the kingdom, but he'd break the Bank of England."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GERALD VISITS YORK

If his own people had not seen Gerald, neither had his sweetheart. Since that hurried visit just after Egham Meeting he had not set foot in Yorkshire; he had intended then to have returned in a week to take part in the various contests on the Knavesmire; but, as we have seen, false pride had caused him not to keep that engagement. Dolly hardly knew what to think of things. It was true that Gerald wrote lovingly and frequently, and spoke in the most sanguine way of the future; but the girl did think that if he cared about her as much as he pretended, he might have found time during all those winter months to run up and see her. She knew very well that he had openly avowed his name, and that all the world were now aware who Jim Forrest really was; and she had been not a little amused at the way her father and mother had taken the information.

"Dal it all!" exclaimed Bill Greyson when he heard it; "to think that I have had a son of the Squire's in my stable. I'm main sorry to think it. And that he should win the Two Thousand for Riddleton a few months after Riddleton had broke his father. It's like a dream. We ought all to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't tell the Squire about Phaeton."

As for Mrs. Greyson, she completely changed her note; declared that she had always noticed something very superior about Forrest's manner; rallied Dolly about her flirtation; and would simper and say, "I dare say the young Squire will give us a look in before long. We know of an attraction at Riddleton that's likely to bring him North, don't we, Dolly?"

"Don't put such rubbish into the girl's head," the trainer would roughly interpose on such occasions. "He may have taken up race-riding for a season; but men of Gerald Rockingham's blood don't mate with such as us."

And then Dolly would toss her head disdainfully as woman does when it is suggested the victim may break the toils; they never will believe it, and draw the gyves tighter and tighter, despite the warning of worldly-wise sisters, until one day the fettters lie riven, and the captive is gone, never to be re-captured.

But as the months rolled by, and Gerald never appeared either at York or Riddleton, Dolly began to feel not a little uncomfortable. If this had been mere flirtation, incense gratifying to her girlish vanity, it would have been cause of doubt and dismay that her lover could stay so long away from her; but it was much more than that. Dolly knew, alas! she had given her whole heart to Gerald Rockingham, and if he deemed that a bauble not worth keeping, God help her! for she would need it sorely. Could her father be right? Could Miss Rockingham be right? Was Gerald only amusing himself, as she had read and heard young men were wont to do with women, more especially when they did not belong to their own station in life? and then Dolly would throw herself into the arm-chair near her casement, and as she gazed across the broad undulating grassy expanse, the tears would well up into her eyes, and she would wonder whether the world really was so hollow and heartless as all that came to.

That "the world is hollow and their doll stuffed with sawdust" is a phase that most young women go through in their early days.

Gerald had conceived a great idea, and was working up to it with all the steady persistency that misfortune had called forth in his character. He had heard from Writson that all chance of disposing of Cranley in the aggregate seemed hopeless, and that he should be compelled to let it and dispose of it piecemeal. Now Gerald, thanks to the liberal presents he had received, in the first instance from Sir Marmaduke and his followers, and latterly from Lord Whitby, had no less than between two or three thousand pounds at his banker's. He worked hard and lived sparingly, and except the money he sent to assist the *ménage* at St. Leonard's Place, spent little of his earnings. He was now making a very good income, and the idea had come to him to embark the bulk of his savings in some turf speculation; to go for one great *coup*, and should that come off, with the proceeds to purchase Cranley; not the manor, of course, but simply the house and chase. The difficulty was, what should the plotted *coup* consist of. He had ridden several colts of Lord Whitby's this year, whose winning might be regarded as fairly certain; but then the prices laid against these at starting had been so short, that it required to risk much more than he could afford to win the stake he wanted.

Gerald had for months been puzzling as to how the solution of his puzzle could be come by, but see it he couldn't, and meanwhile he heard from Writson that the handbills would be out early in August, and the sale take place about the beginning of September. Gerald reflected sadly that there remained but a very short time to plan and execute the stroke he meditated. Stockbridge and the Newmarket July Meetings were gone and past, and though Goodwood loomed

before him he could see nothing in the programme that seemed suitable to his purpose. Suddenly it struck Jim that he would take a few days' holiday, run up to York, and see his mother and sister and Dolly.

It was with a big jump of the heart that Dolly received the letter in which Gerald announced his intention of coming northwards. Ah, this would clear up all doubts! Let her but see Gerald, and she would speedily be assured as to whether he loved her still; but she did not want to see him at Riddleton, and that was where she was when she received his letter. She looked forward to the rather slavish adulation that she felt sure her mother would accord "Mr. Rockingham" with as much dismay as the blunt mistrust of her father. So Dolly made up her mind that she must abandon the sweet summer moorland breezes for the hot, dusty city of York, and once more take up her abode with Uncle Thomas in Coney Street.

Mrs. Greyson was not disposed to wrangle with her daughter according to her wont. That young woman had captured what in the good lady's estimation was a stag royal, and although she knew enough of the science of deer-stalking to comprehend that

Let the stricken deer go weep

did not at all mean that he was "gathered," that these sorely wounded ones often struggled on to the next forest and then took to themselves another mate, yet Mrs. Greyson, with half-closed eyes, kept on purring to herself over Dolly's approaching marriage with the heir of Cranley Chase. It mattered nothing that she knew, as all Yorkshire knew, that Cranley Chase was for sale, and Gerald a ruined man riding races for a living. In her extreme satisfaction at her daughter marrying a man of gentle blood she ignored the sad story of the past few years, and chose to regard Gerald as holding the position his father had occupied when she first knew him.

Bill Greyson, on the contrary, took a very different view of his daughter's engagement. He admired Jim Forrest much; he recognised his great qualities as a horseman, and had heard from many of his Newmarket compatriots how steady he was in his life, and how steadfast in the pursuit of his new profession. As a brilliant jockey and a straightgoing young fellow the old trainer would have held Jim Forrest a most eligible suitor for his daughter's hand, but when it turned out that Jim Forrest was Gerald Rockingham, it was different. A wild, hot-blooded lot the Rockinghams!—ever reckless in their passions as regarded wine, women, or play: such was their reputation on the country side; and the late Squire had shown himself impregnated with the old Adam in his youth to the full as much as his ancestors. Greyson could hardly believe that ruined or not ruined Gerald Rockingham could mean to act fairly by his daughter. To a man of his birth the most obvious solution of his difficulties was a wealthy marriage. Groping dimly in the dark the trainer had sense in his reasoning. In the state of transition in which we are all now living the money-grubbers, in their anxiety to turn butterflies, are only too keen to barter wealth for position, though how long we shall be before diamonds, a brown-fronted stone house, a silver-gilt dinner-service, and a pair of thousand-guinea carriage horses constitute the *summum bonum* of existence, after the manner of our New York cousins, is a matter of conjecture. Birth and family are not likely to count for much, while the dollar will be all-powerful in the days that lie before us.

Greyson honestly wanted to see no more of Jim Forrest save on a racecourse. He liked him in every respect except as a suitor for his daughter, though he still felt a little uncomfortable that Alister Rockingham's son should ever have been a stable-boy of his. A life passed in the chicanery of the turf—and Bill Greyson (to put it mildly) had been at all events mixed up with some ugly turf stories in his time—had not altogether blunted the veteran's ideas of right. Although he had honestly done him a good turn, he still winced at the fact that the son of his old freehanded employer, Alister Rockingham, should have been employed by him in a menial capacity. On the other hand, the thing he loved best on earth was Dolly, and his face hardened at the bare idea that a man should meditate wrong to her. It would be far safer, he thought, that the two should see no more of each other for the present. "As for the wife," he muttered to himself, "she's good in the dairy, and keeps a rare hand on 'em in the house, but she's a feather-pated woman, and no judge whatever of weights when it comes to match-making."

Dolly had, perhaps, exercised a wise discretion in not meeting her lover at Riddleton. The judicious pilot does not take his bark between Scylla and Charybdis unless necessity compels; these treacherous headlands are better avoided if possible, and the girl felt that neither of her parents was likely to be quite what she wished to Gerald at present. Besides she wanted to have him thoroughly to herself, and then she wondered whether she should see Miss Rockingham again, and whether Gerald meant to present her to his mother. She knew that he had announced his engagement to herself, but she had not come across Ellen since, and she was very anxious to meet that young lady under these altered circumstances.

If Dolly really entertained any doubts of her lover's constancy they were dispelled at once on Gerald's arrival at the drawing-room in Coney Street.

"Oh, Gerald!" she exclaimed, as she at length released herself from his passionate embrace, "what a time it is since I have seen you. Do you know how long it is, sir?"

"Yes, it is very nearly a year since I was last in York."

"And if you are as fond of me as you pretend to be, how could you be so many months without coming near me?"

"Dangling at her apron-strings is not always the readiest way to win the girl you love. When there's man's work to be done, 'tis no time for such sweet fooleries. I only did your own bidding, Dolly, and now I am more successful than ever we hoped in the trade of your naming. Surely you'd not have me give up 'silk,' and turn aside when I'm close to the top of the ladder?"

"Of course not, Gerald. You know I wouldn't wish it for a moment, but you must expect a girl to pout a little at her lover's absence, even if she knows he is working hard for her sake. I don't suppose Rachel was very well satisfied with her father's arrangement, and, I have no doubt, felt quite as bad as Jacob did about it, when she found that she had, after all that waiting, to give way to her elder sister."

"Ah, well," said Gerald, laughing, "my servitude is not going to extend quite so long as that. I shall demand you of your parents before many months I trust. I have worked hard—ay! very hard!—and done better than I could have ever dreamt, and the end of it all is, darling, I have conceived a wilder dream than ever. I told you Cranley was in the market, and I am haunted with the idea of saving the house and park. Writson told me, and very sensibly, too, when last here, that it would be madness—that it would involve genteel pauperism—that most painful of all stages of poverty."

"But," continued the lad, springing to his feet, and pacing the room in his excitement, "at that time I had very little money at the bank. I was by no means sure of making a good income by my profession. Now it is different. I am prepared to risk my small capital to effect a grand *coup*, and should that be successful, I could save Cranley; while with the income I now make we could all live there if we were content to do so quietly, though comfortably."

"Oh, Gerald! that would be glorious! But what is to be the great stake that we are to play for?"

"Ah! that's just where it is, Dolly. I don't know. I can't think of a *coup* to go for with what I call any reasonable chance of success."

"Stop, Gerald. Remember the horse that gave you your first

great start—the horse that made you—the Dancing Master. Isn't there something to be done with him?"

"There might be," said Gerald meditatively; "but, you see, I never ride for Sir Marmaduke now."

"But the horse is at Riddleton. They sent him back from Newmarket directly after Ascot. Sir Marmaduke, it seems, lost a lot of money over him in the Hunt Cup, and vowed he wasn't worth his keep. Father's got him back again."

"Well, it is possible there's a good race in him yet, if one could only catch him in the humour; but—but even then I don't know when it's to be; and, Dollie, the time is so short. The Chase is to be sold in September."

"It's no use talking it over now," said the girl; "still, I've a presentiment that 'the Dancer' is our guardian angel, and he will take care of us yet. He doesn't mean to exert himself till you want him, Gerald; but don't forget he's at Riddleton, well, and—wicked old thing—anxious for a job. How long are we to keep you with us?"

"A couple of days or so is all I can spare. I have to see Writson, and I must call in St. Leonard's Place; but I have no end of engagements, and must get back South towards the end of the week."

"I was afraid it must be so. No, Gerald; I'm not repining, and I know that it is all for your good that you should be so fully occupied; but a young woman likes to keep a sweetheart she only sees once a year a little longer with her, if possible."

"Nonsense, Dollie; don't be unreasonable," exclaimed the young man a little impatiently.

"I am not," replied the girl softly. "I know it can't be; but I surely may regret that it is so."

Gerald's sole reply was of that description which is best left to the imagination. We can all recall what would have seemed appropriate under the circumstances, and human nature varies little with regard to these things.

"And now, Dollie," said young Rockingham, as the girl emerged from one of those unaccountable, but everyday disappearances which so troubled Bella Wilfer; "it's time I said good-bye. I've got to see Writson, and prepare my mother and sister to be introduced to you."

"Really, Gerald! Is Mrs. Rockingham anything like your sister? I shall feel so strange at meeting her."

"It would be much the same, whoever I brought her, I think. She would never consider any one quite good enough for her scapce-grace son."

"I won't have you call yourself names," retorted Dollie, with a stamp of her pretty foot. "You know you are nothing of the kind. You never got into any row yet; and since—forgive me, Gerald, if I seem to speak hardly—you were left a beggar, you've honestly earned your own bread. Scapegrace, forsooth! I don't see much of that about you."

"Perhaps not," said Gerald laughing, as he took up his hat; "but I must be off now; see Writson, and call in St. Leonard's Place. For the present, sweet, adieu."

"God bless and keep thee, dearest," rejoined Dollie, as she kissed him; and then Gerald went out into the soft summer air, and wended his way towards Mr. Writson's.

(To be continued)



AMONG the pleasures to be gained from books, one of the most subtle and not one of the least pleasing is that of finding an author who thoroughly enjoys his own subject, and treats it with the ease which comes of long meditation. Such a pleasure is to be gained from Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Human Intercourse" (Macmillan and Co.). Among the minor writers of the day Mr. Hamerton is one of the wisest. Apart from his writings on Art, he has done good work in other directions. His novel, "Marmorne," was remarkable for its truth and power; his "Intellectual Life" is an admirable book far less read than it deserves to be. All the qualities we are accustomed to find in Mr. Hamerton's work are well displayed in "Human Intercourse." There is careful and kindly observation of human character, a smooth and graceful style, and high aim. It is difficult for any man nowadays to say anything new on such a subject as human intercourse. Mr. Hamerton knows this as well as any of us; and his book deals with those aspects of the case most likely to arise in such a society as our own. We find essays on such subjects as these: "Why We Are Apparently Becoming Less Religious," "How We Are Really Becoming Less Religious," "The Noble Bohemianism," and "Anonymous Letters." It is more than can be expected of any writer that he should not now and then drop into commonplace when dealing with such subjects. He fails most obviously in the essays on "Passionate Love" and "Companionship in Marriage," on which he manages to say wonderfully little that is new. But, taken altogether, the book is one which is well worth reading. A delicate humour brightens its pages, and throughout there is a purity of aim which is as inspiring as it is unfortunately rare.

Of the 12,000 men of Hicks Pasha's army which marched into the Soudan only three returned—Colonel Colborne, Captain Martin, and Colonel de Coetlogon. In a manly and unaffected book Colonel Colborne now gives his account of the Sennar campaign of 1883. It will be remembered that Colonel Colborne was invalided and sent back to Khartoum some time before Hicks set out on his fatal march to Obeid. The story of "With Hicks Pasha in the Soudan" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) does not therefore carry the story up to the end, and the annihilation of Hicks's force at Kashgil was learned by Colonel Colborne when he was safely back at Cairo. The latter part of his adventures Colonel Colborne has already told in one of the magazines; and much of the earlier part is already known to the world through his letter to the *Daily News* and his excellent sketches contributed to this journal. But the book as now issued is one of value. Colonel Colborne believes in the fellah as a soldier, and praises highly his demeanour at the battle of Marabia, illustrations of which from his pencil were published at the time in this journal. He is strong for the Suakin-Berber route to relieve Khartoum instead of the Nile and the Korosko Abu-Hamad route, and denounces the Government vigorously for not taking the advice of officials on the spot who know the country well. It would have been well, perhaps, if Colonel Colborne had restrained his tendency to quote on all occasions well-known passages from the poets; but his book is straightforward and interesting; just such a frank unvarnished tale as would be expected from a soldier's pen.

Mr. Austin Brereton's "Some Famous Hamlets" (David Bogue) is a very pleasant volume. It has been compiled to meet the renewed interest in the play aroused by the very striking revival under Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre, and, though all living representatives of Hamlet are omitted, there is much in the book which bears upon some recent memorable performances of the part. Mr. Brereton has ransacked diligently all theatrical books, and his account of the great Hamlets is very complete. He begins with Richard Burbage, the first performer of the part of Hamlet, and ends with the late Albert Charles Fechter. In each case Mr.

Brereton has noted, so far as it can be discovered, the "business," the dress, and the readings of each actor. It is curious that Mr. Brereton should announce so positively that Shakespeare wrote the lines—

He's fat and scant of breath,—
Here, Hamlet; take this napkin; rub thy brains,

to suit Burbage's personal peculiarities, who was at the time of the production of Hamlet a corpulent man. This explanation is as probable as that of M. Prosper Merimée, who declares that Shakespeare made Hamlet fat simply because he had so conceived the prince in his mind's eye; and having once pictured a character to himself he felt compelled, like Turgeneff, to work out the character as imagined even to the smallest personal details. Perhaps, after all, the Queen only meant that Hamlet was out of training.

Another timely publication is the reprint of the first folio of *Hamlet*, issued by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall. This is merely a careful reprint without note or comment of the first folio edition of the play published in 1623 under the auspices of Shakspeare's fellow actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell. Horne Tooke declared that "the first folio is the only edition worth regarding;" and, as most people are aware, it is that which Mr. Wilson Barrett has used as the basis of his acting version at the Princess's. This reprint is well printed on good paper. The publishers promise similar reprints of other plays, to be issued monthly.

There is some pleasant writing in the little volume called "Sketches: Personal and Pensive," by William Hodgson (Edinburgh: David Douglas). Mr. Hodgson is a Scotch reporter and journalist, and these sketches record his impressions of interesting men he has known and strange things he has seen. "A Night with Carlyle" is one of the best of the pieces. The opening chapter describes some of Mr. Hodgson's early acquaintances, some of them now men of note. Mr. Irving was one of the band which, in 1858, used to frequent a certain hotel in Wilson Street, Glasgow,—the resort of actors and pressmen. Mr. Hodgson speaks of him as "a young man with long, glossy, black hair, liquid eyes of subdued fire, and a great richness of features, which, you observe, are in preferred repose. He had cut no figure at all on the stage in Dunlop Street."

The hawkers have lately been crying in the streets "a complete book, by Charles Dickens, for one penny," and on inquiry this turns out to be the "Sketches by Boz." That is a marvel of cheap publishing compared with which "Oliver Twist" for one shilling is not amazing. But the edition of "Oliver Twist," published by Messrs. W. Kent and Co., as one of their "Miniature Library of Prose Authors," is a good one. The type is clear, if rather small, the paper is good, and the volume will easily go into the pocket.

In "The Wonderland of Evolution" (Field and Tuer) the authors, Messrs. Albert and George Cresswell, set themselves to combat the theory of autogenesis and Haeckelism in general. They contend that the process of evolution is presided over by an Almighty intelligence, and this view is set forth popularly by means of dialogues between lizards, crabs, and jellyfish, and by the personification of Chance and the natural forces. The authors evidently know their facts, and they have chosen a method which must interest all, even if they do not convince the materialists. Their conclusion is that we "may be assured that a Designing Hand is clearly indicated. Chance, always acting blindly, as she does even though aided by Natural Selection, could never have initiated—much less perfected—such instincts as those of the honey-bee."

Dr. Nicholls, a well-known vegetarian and "food reformer," once wrote a pamphlet called "How to Live on Sixpence a Day." Another vegetarian now undertakes to show "How to Live on a Shilling a Week" (J. and R. Maxwell). But instead of dealing with details, he merely generalises upon the advantages of vegetarianism, and when he does give tables of prices they are obviously absurd.

Sir Francis Bolton's book on the "London Water Supply" (W. Clowes and Sons) is the most important of the Health Exhibition Handbooks. The compiler's special opportunities as Water Examiner under the Metropolis Water Act fit him admirably for such a task as this, and the result is as complete a volume as one could wish. The legal position of the water companies, their history, the modes of collection, storage and distribution of water, water-fittings in houses and their official regulation, water filtration, —in fact, every detail of the London water supply receives adequate treatment. Good maps, plans, and tables add to the value and clearness of the volume.

"A Guide to Redistribution," by J. B. Huntington (J. and R. Maxwell), suggests a Redistribution scheme which has some advantages. The author does not propose to disturb the existing divisions of the counties, and he would reserve the rights of all ancient boroughs to vote irrespectively of their population, however small. The scheme suggested is by no means complete or scientific; but the tables of populations, districts, &c., will be of use in studying the question of the day.

Messrs. W. and K. Johnston have issued a large map to show the present distribution of political power. Coloured lines show the present representation, and tables give the population, number of candidates, &c.

Among recent new guides and directories are "Cassell's Illustrated Guide to Paris" (Cassell and Co.); "Tourist's Guide to Cornwall," fourth edition, by Walter H. Tregellas (Stanford); "Through Connemara and the West of Ireland" (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker); "The Musical Artists, Lecturers, and Entertainers' Directory for 1884-85" (F. Pitman); and "B. Bradshaw's Dictionary of Health Resorts" (Trübner and Co.).

THE CONVERSION OF OUR "CONSOLS"

MUCH has been said of late of the "Conversion of Consols," a change which to the bulk of readers is mysterious in its meaning, and recondite in its allusion. A brief account of "personal experience in conversion," as Methodists would say, may therefore be interesting. The reader needs to remember that within two centuries Great Britain has gone deeply into debt. The money borrowed for wars and other purposes was first borrowed in loans for different periods, and each loan needed negotiation in making and in renewal, at much trouble, confusion, and cost. It was deemed desirable to bring all these debts into one—to *consolidate* them, whence the popular name "Consols"—and from the modest sums formed about 133 years ago, we have gradually risen, by later needs and borrowings, till now in round numbers the debt may be put at 700,000,000. In this amount there are included "Consols," "Reduced Three Per Cents."—that is, reduced from a higher rate of interest when money was cheap—"New Three Per Cents.," "New 2½ Per Cents.," &c. With one exception, to which we shall refer, the stock is not money lent for a particular period—the person who buys it, buys it outright, and if he wishes money he must sell it in the market. Hence the value of the stock rises and falls. The value of the London and North-Western Railway stock rises when the company's receipts improve; the value of Consols—the stock of the nation—improve when the national prospects improve.

Any person may go into the market with money, and buy this national stock. In the year 1800, war, dear corn, and other calamities made the national bond for 100% sell for 61%, but since then peace, better national prospects, and plentitude of money have forced up the price, and 103% was the market value of the 100% bond two or three years ago, whilst now it usually is about 101½%. The nation which creates stock has the power to redeem it, which

keeps the price within sight of what would be paid if it were redeemed.

There are two ways of purchasing Government stock—to any amount, through a stockbroker, and to a limited amount through the Post Office. In the latter case that valuable institution will take upon itself all the trouble of purchase, of collection of dividends, and of accounts. Desiring to test the working of the latter method, I filled up a form stating that I wished to buy a limited amount of that stock, and paid into a post-office the sum, which was entered in a bank book, and the book and form of application sent to the Head Office. From the latter in a few days the book was returned, and I was debited with the cost of the stock at the market price, and £. 3d. in addition for the expense of purchase, collection, &c.

Having thus attained the proud position of being a stockholder in miniature, in September I received a notice to the effect that under the "National Debt (Conversion of Stock) Act, the Postmaster-General was prepared to receive applications for the conversion of Three per Cent. Stocks, of any of the three kinds, to "Two Pounds Fifteen Shillings per Cent. Annuities," or "Two Pounds Ten Shillings per Cent. Annuities." Money had been growing more abundant for some time, and cheaper; and naturally and properly the Chancellor of the Exchequer desired to take advantage of this, and to save to the nation the sum that cheaper money represented. He offered, then, for every 100% of the Three per Cents., 102% of the Two-and-Three-quarter per Cents., or 108% of the Two-and-a-half per Cents. And whilst the older form of stock received dividends on the interest half-yearly, the newer ones were to receive that interest through the same channel quarterly. Believing that the conversion was desirable, application was made, and in due time was acceded to. A new certificate was issued for the old one. This green paper document sets forth that, whilst there had been in the Government Stock Register a specified sum of "Three per Cent. Bank Annuities," these had been exchanged for a certain sum of "Two-and-a-half per Cent. Bank Annuities." The whole process was as easy and as simple, though a little more lengthy, than the exchange of five sovereigns for a 5/- note! This, then, is the whole mystery of the conversion of stocks: not a new operation is performed, for previously similar reductions have been made. The National Debt has been of late reduced considerably, and national wealth is growing, so the national assets are more in proportion to debt than they were. The Government can borrow at less rates of interest, and taking advantage of this, they take back the 100% security on which they have paid 3%, yearly interest, and give 108%, on which they pay 2%, 14s. It is believed the 20,000,000% of stock have been converted, so that the national saving will be considerable. And the reflection of the owner of the stock converted will be probably that the fractional loss that he sustains will be compensated by the national gain, especially when a further step is taken in the same direction. And a final thought arises: the pride of possession of a certificate of indebtedness of the nation to the individual is tempered by the idea that the *Ego* as a part of the nation is one of the debtors so largely in debt!

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

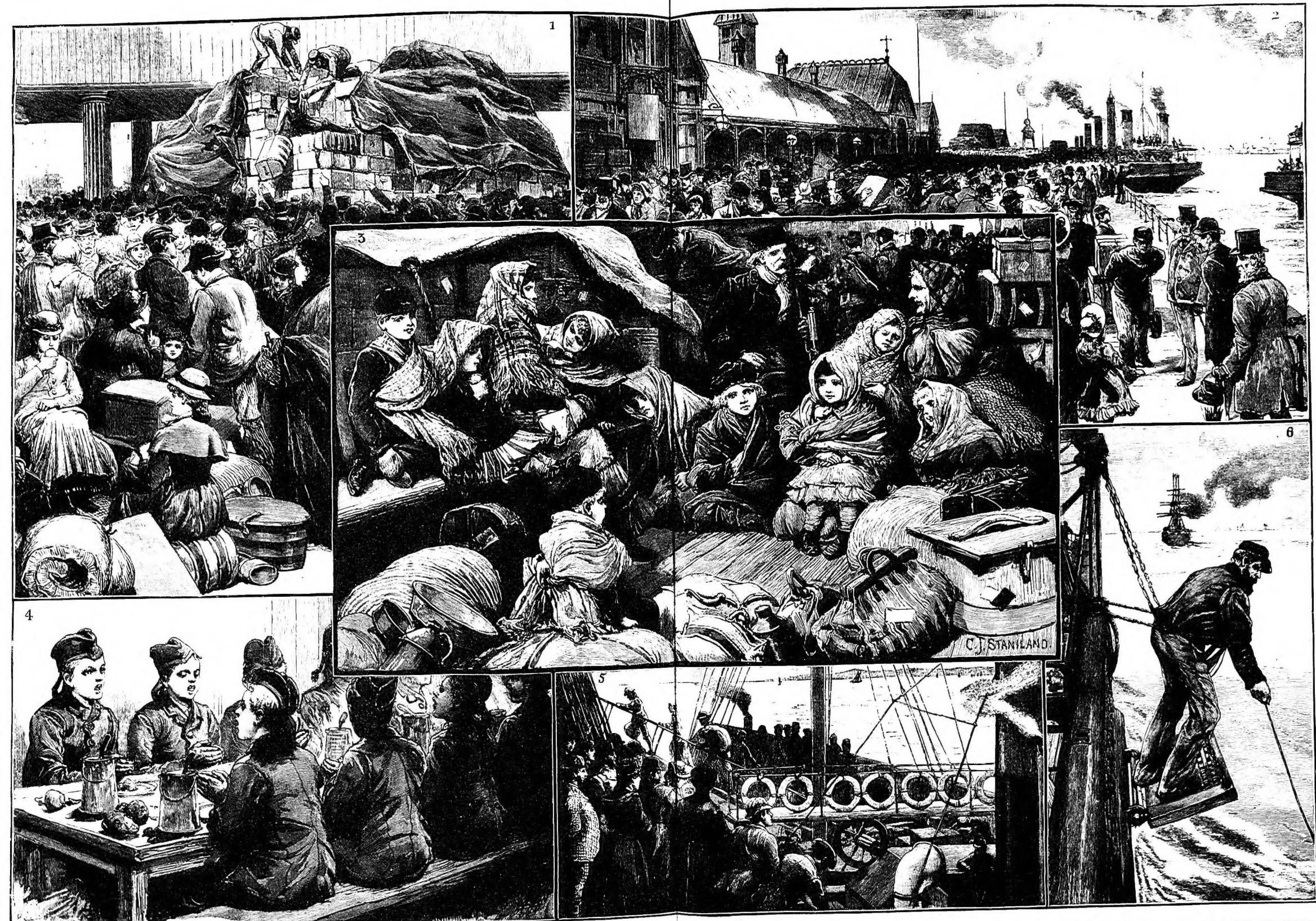
III.

THE artist's brush at Christmas time seems every year more devoted to the children. Amongst a pile of illustrated volumes now before us only two are intended for the elders' amusement, and this pair strongly contrast the old and new style of engraving. Certainly, the American school shows to advantage in "The Seven Ages of Man" (Fisher Unwin), where the familiar Shakespearian passage is effectively depicted from a Transatlantic point of view. Perhaps Mr. Church's sketch of the infant and its nurse is one of the most graceful designs, but the various artists have all been well chosen.

On the other hand, the engravings after Birket Foster, Leader, Brett, &c., in "English Scenery" (London Literary Society), by no means so well represent the original painters, while the Rev. J. Holroyde's poetic praise of our native land is decidedly tame and stereotyped.—Passing to art picture-books, some capital examples of the class appear, noticeable for their ingenious ideas and refined colouring. Miss E. Scannell peoples the pages of "Play" (Marcus Ward) with bright natural children, whose merry pastimes are appropriately sung by Mr. S. K. Cowan, and new and amusing faces are put on old rhymes by "Nursery Numbers" (Marcus Ward), which would delight a child.—Mrs. J. H. Ewing and R. André produce more of their charming "Verse Books" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), of which the "Tongues in Trees" and the "Bluebells on the Lea" are especially good. Here André's pencil is far more at home than in illustrating Biblical subjects, and portrays very fascinating elves.—Fairy tales are all the more welcome now that stories tend almost exclusively to the practical side of life. Thus there is plenty of room for such imaginative Teutonic legends as "Fairy Tales from Brentano," (Unwin), and English children will heartily thank Kate Freiligrath Kroeker for introducing them to the poetic German author, who, by the by, was the first to bring the famous Loreley into song. F. Carruthers Gould's drawings well accompany these fresh and original compositions.—Though not strictly a fairy story, H. Blunt's "Queen Amethyst" (Marcus Ward) belongs to much the same romantic school, and forms a pretty allegory.

A mass of solid prose now claims attention—mostly improving tales for young people. A large share comes from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and includes some good historical stories. The best of these is certainly the Rev. E. N. Hoare's sketch of Ghent in the times of Philip van Artevelde—"A Turbulent Town." Drawn with considerable picturesqueness and care for historical truth, Mr. Hoare's story is thoroughly interesting.—In "The Prisoner's Daughter" Miss Esme Stuart paints a pretty picture of love and war in old Winchester during the hostilities between French and English in the last century, while Mrs. Molesworth also chooses a Gallic heroine for "The Little Old Portrait"—an episode of the Reign of Terror, related in the writer's usual taking style.—"The Snow-King's Trumpeter" tells of a boy's devotion to the great Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, but "H. J. M. G." makes her hero somewhat too modern in tone.—There is nothing very noteworthy about either the history of infant genius, "Shadow and Shine," by Mary Davison, or the exploits of troublesome boys related by C. S. Lowndes in "A Small Rebellion," while the two outlines of animal life form the best part of "A Vampire," by "A. L. G."—A brace of stories by Mary E. Palgrave illustrate the old fable of giving up substance for shadow, for while the wise hero of "Miles Lambert's Three Chances" sets his home duties before his own desires and wins glory in the end, Gervas Hope in "Not in Vain" comes to dire grief by taking the opposite course. Both these are suitable books for boys, with only a modicum of sermonising, and the same verdict applies to the Temperance tales of "Black Jack," by the author of "Clary's Confirmation"—this last being adapted for a rather lower class of readers. Temperance is the main point too of "Griffithoof," a fairly satisfactory Scotch tale by Crona Temple, on the familiar subject of a little child reclaiming an old reprobate.

Yet another batch of naval adventures for the lads—shipwrecks and sea-fights galore. All these stirring themes, with a little boy and girl love-making thrown in, are duly enlarged upon by F. Frankfort Moore in his exciting "The Mutiny on the *Albatross*," but his hero cannot, after all, match the wondrous and gallant exploits of Mr. Harry Collingwood's middy during the French



1. CLAIMING LUGGAGE AT LIVERPOOL RAILWAY STATION.—2. LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL.—3. GERMAN EMIGRANTS, LIVERPOOL RAILWAY STATION.—4. BOYS OF DR. STEPHENSON'S HOME SINGING GRACE.—5. TENDER BRINGING IRISH EMIGRANTS ON BOARD, BELFAST LOUGH.—6. HEAVING THE LEAD

WITH EMIGRANTS FROM LIVERPOOL TO CANADA

Revolutionary War, described with such gusto in "Under the Meteor Flag" (Sampson Low)—a very page out of Marryat. Nor are "The Adventures of Maurice Drummon" (Hogg), by Lindon Meadows, the less inspiring for having been published some thirty years ago, and now appearing in revised form. Master Maurice's tricks at school and afloat are quite diverting enough to amuse the present, as well as the past generation. And amongst boys' favourites Mr. Ascott R. Hope needs no recommendation, so that his cheery "Stories out of School-time" (Hogg) will not lack an audience. Probably the lads will be the most appreciative readers of N. d'Anvers "Heroes of American Discovery" (Marcus Ward), one of the most comprehensive small records of the kind which has been published for some time. Whilst packing a large amount of knowledge into the least possible compass, the author is rarely dry, and knows well how to enliven the narrative by picturesque touches.—Though more formal, the brief biographies of three Protestant celebrities in times of persecution—William the Silent, Coligny, and the Regent Murray—are put together in readable style by Sarah Brook in "Three Sixteenth-Century Sketches" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), and also convey plenty of information in a small space. Another biographical collection, "Plodding On," by H. Curwen (Hogg), deals with heroes of later years, and of a variety of grades and occupations, ranging from Peabody and Lincoln to Romney and Thomas Brassey.—By the way, the small brothers may gain some easy practical knowledge of the animal world from "The Band of Mercy Guide to Natural History" (Hogg), by V. S. Morwood, whose primary object is to teach children kindness to the brute creation.

To turn from brothers to sisters, the next group of volumes appeals more especially to girls in their teens. Highly romantic damsels may approve of the self-sacrificing maiden of L. T. Meade's "Two Sisters" (Hodder and Stoughton), who made much ado about nothing, or may appreciate the somewhat blood-curdling experiences of the heroine of "The Wreckers of Lavernock" (Unwin). Miss A. Jenkyns shows much ingenuity in the latter story, but her highfrown, stilted style is very objectionable.—Two American novelettes take a different tone, and follow the usual Transatlantic fashion of a grain of action to a bushel of small talk. The Rev. E. P. Roe's "A Young Girl's Wooing" (Warne), is nevertheless an entertaining sketch of a lackadaisical hoyden ripening into a very noble woman, and is worth reading; while E. Fawcett's "Rutherford" (Bordon Hunt) seems like a faint echo of the psychological studies of Mr. Henry James.—Returning to our own country, there are some sensible stories for village girls in "Birdie's Bonnet," by M. E. Townsend (Hatchards).

Young ladies, too, are the chief patrons of birthday-books, and may like to hear of two fresh compilations. Estelle Davenport Adams has bestowed infinite trouble on her "Birthday Book of Art and Artists" (Hogg), which is quite an artistic encyclopædia on a small scale; while Emily Reader provides another floral birthday-book in "Voices from Flower-Land" (Longmans), with its mild original couplets.—To pass from daily secular to religious texts, some of the late Frances Ridley Havergal's devotional verses are gathered up by F. A. Shaw as "Ivy Leaves" (Nisbet), a tasteful little work for a present, while E. Thomson King has collected "Daily Texts for the Little Ones" (Religious Tract Society) on a good plan to impress juvenile memories. But A. G. King's illustrations are singularly inappropriate to the subjects.

THE ARMIES OF THE INDIAN NATIVE STATES

The most important question of the day in India is the armies of the Native States. It has been calculated that quite 15,000 British—and double that number of Native—troops are solely employed in watching the armies of our good friends and allies, the Princes of India; so that but for these armies we should be able to set free some 45,000 men for frontier service; or, should the Russian menace come to nothing, relieve India of their burden altogether. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the armies of chiefs such as the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and Scindiah are mere rabble. Scindiah is a Major-General in the British army, a capital officer, and he has a mixed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, all his own, that would do no discredit to British training. His army is about 5,000 men, but, as he passes the bulk of his subjects through his army into a kind of reserve, his real strength as a fighting man is much greater than that, and it takes full 5,000 Imperial troops to overawe him. The Nizam of Hyderabad pays most unwillingly for what is termed "the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force," but he has besides this a complete army of guns, cavalry, and infantry of his own. The Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, of some 5,000 men, is composed of Imperial British and Native troops, and the Province of the Berars was ceded to us by the Nizam to pay for it. It is quite adequate, along with another semi-Imperial force—the Hyderabad contingent—to the purpose of maintaining order within the Nizam's borders. Nevertheless, the Nizam must have a third army of his own, and only for the sake of appearances. What the cost of supporting two distinct armies to the Hyderabad country is the unfortunate subjects of the Nizam know too well; but so long as one Indian Prince maintains an army, all the others must do ditto, for it would be a slur upon the Nizam's Court if his army was not as big as, say, Scindiah's. If these independent armies could be used for Imperial purposes there would be some reason for their existence; but, unfortunately—with the exception, perhaps, of the Goorkhas of Nepal—they would be untrustworthy alongside Imperial troops. They might do us more harm than good in, suppose, a conflict with Russia. Yet they are a dangerous element to leave in our rear were all our available troops to be sent to the front. Even to the chiefs themselves these armies are troublesome. They are often in arrears of pay, because the chief spends more on his army than he can afford, and when they are not paid they are insolent, and are apt to harass the unfortunate cultivators on the plea that they are revenue collectors—which in some sort they are. Probably, if Scindiah had no army Holkar would be glad to get rid of his military incumbrances, and so on, and so on, because there can really be no possible object for keeping these armies except the utterly absurd one of their being needed in view of the collapse of the British Empire.

The rulers of the Native States ought to understand that we all row in the same boat, the Imperial Power and the Native States together, and that union is strength, division weakness. It is not to be supposed that any of them would prefer the despotic sway of the Russian Government to the liberal rule of England; but if this is so, why do not they assist the Indian Government to make itself strong by disbanding levies that are only a trouble and expense to the paramount Power? These chiefs have everything to lose from an invasion of India. At present they can do very much as they please with their subjects and their revenues, and they are protected by the Imperial Government from foes within and without; but once let Russia get a footing in Hindostan, and they would soon find themselves fleeced of everything, and lucky indeed if they escaped some new Siberia in Thibet. The moneys the chiefs now waste upon their unserviceable armies would go far to insure India against disaster. If those moneys were paid into the Imperial treasury, we might have a splendid force in India, and make our position there practically impregnable; and, when one thinks of this, it is impossible not to regret the folly of the chiefs in childishly trying to outwit one another in the numbers of unserviceable men-at-arms they keep up. It is a tremendous waste of money, and a temptation to

an enemy to attack us, and it is further especially hard both upon the chiefs' subjects and on ours. The chiefs' subjects are impoverished to pay for these armies, and our subjects have not only to pay for troops to overawe those others, but they have also to pay indirectly for the military protection of the subjects of the native States. These last pay nothing towards the maintenance of the Imperial Army, although they have the same benefits from its protection. It might be imprudent to force the chiefs to give up their toys; but it cannot be impossible to persuade them of the folly of their course—a course that threatens their very existence as States. They must know perfectly well—none better—that were we to leave India to-morrow there would be a general row, out of which the strongest would snatch everything. For one that would succeed there would be a hundred to the wall, and the same results would follow a Russian occupation of India. Either event is very improbable so long as Englishmen are true to themselves; still the chiefs ought to know that insurance against such misfortunes is their best policy; that the great progress India is now making can best be maintained by sensible action on their own part. We all know that the military responsibilities of Greater Britain are enormous, and that our little army is quite inadequate to the protection of an empire on which the sun never sets; but few of us know how very insecure our military position in India would be were we at war in Europe, with a coalition against us. The difficulties of sending reinforcements to India would be great, even if there were reinforcements to send; consequently it behoves us to make the Indian garrison independent, as far as possible, of outside support, and this can only be done by spending more money on it. But the money, we are always assured, is not forthcoming. There is seldom more than a few thousands surplus in an Indian Budget—sometimes a deficit. Where, then, is the money to come from? From the Native Princes' military reforms, which would be a sort of double-barrelled economy, since it would set free our own troops and help to pay them together. Very likely the chiefs are difficult of approach in this matter; but it is because none of them know how to begin. Each chief probably imagines that it would be a sign of weakness to be the first to do without an army, but there is good reason to think that, like sheep, each one would follow a lead once given—to the immense benefit, both financial and military, of our Indian Empire. There is Scindiah, for instance, who might well commence. He is at present wasting his fine military qualities on the desert air. It would be far better for Scindiah, if he wants, what his soul loves, military distinction, to ask and obtain an active-service command in the British army, of which he is a general, than to waste his years in trying to bring troops to perfection who will never see service. Other chiefs whose hobby is the accumulation of rupees would best satisfy their avarice by the disbandment of troops that cost them so much; but, of course, every chief would need a small body of police, or of armed men of some kind, for the collection of his revenues. That, however, could not cost much. It is the military display that half ruins them, and wholly ruins their subjects. It is the silly effort to maintain military traditions that have long passed away, and which are better suited to the times of Colonel Arthur Wellesley in India than to our own. Now-a-days there can be no doubt that the feudatories' first duty to themselves and to the Paramount Power is to support that Power as best they can, and if they cannot give men they can give money. It is vain for them to say that they have none, when they lavish lakhs and lakhs upon armed men that are only a burden to every one, including themselves. And it is equally vain to try and put forward any plea for the usefulness of such levies. They can never bear comparison with British soldiers, or with British-officered native troops, and they are consequently, even at the best, very inferior value for the money.

F. E. W.

does not conduce to easy reading. We think quite highly enough of Miss Veley's work to criticise her more sharply than if we believed "Mitchelhurst Place" to be the measure of her powers. Let her, on the next occasion, provide herself with a story, and make sure that, for its own sake, it is worth telling; and then let her tell it as minutely as she pleases, and as she can. But she must not so far misinterpret the commendations she has already received for her special sort of skill as to mistake the method for the aim.

Mrs. II. Lovett Cameron has also done better work than "A North Country Maid" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), which scarcely, if at all, rises above the average lady's novel. It contains, however, some portions that will be found amusing, such as her satirical pictures of aestheticism and its professors—amusing, at any rate, to those who have read nothing of the kind before. Her sketches of society are only amusing by force of their grotesque unreality. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that they are not taken from anything in the shape of actual life, unless from altogether exceptional phases. Otherwise the authoress is not to be envied her experiences. All the characters are either silly, or objectionable on worse grounds, and the story they act out among them is assuredly not among those that are worth telling. It is impossible to care what becomes of anybody—old acquaintances in scarcely new dresses though most of them are. However, there is nothing in all this to place "A North Country Maid" below novels of the ordinary level, while the fact that it does occasionally amuse is quite enough to place it, to that extent, above them.



II.

JUDGE ROBERT C. PITMAN's paper, in the *North American Review*, on "Woman as a Political Factor," contains much that is worth reading. He wisely says, "Natural rights are not to be conditioned; but trusts are to be regulated, and the conditions of suffrage form one of the gravest of our political problems." Again, "If, as we believe, 'Every voter is a trustee for good government,' then in our anxiety to enlarge the number of trustees, we must not overlook the primary condition of their fitness." This passage also is worth noting: "The qualifications for such duty are twofold, intellectual and moral—capacity to act and good intention; without the one the voter may be a public enemy; without the other an ignorant dupe." Judge Pitman's opinion on the whole is that woman suffrage would be of advantage to the State on moral and social questions, although he does not pretend to entire conviction even here.—Hobart Pasha's "Progress in Naval Armament" is noticeable, as he should be a practical authority on naval matters. He is in favour of rams in maritime warfare, but is very doubtful as to the real value of torpedoes.

It is not an easy task to select from *Harper's* any article for special notice. Its contents are uniformly good, and much of the serial matter has already been alluded to. Mr. Andrew Lang, however, contributes an appreciative biographical sketch of "Sydney Smith," in which he defends the sometime Rector of Foston against the charge of being merely "quite our most remarkable buffoon." Mr. Lang is just and happy in the following passage: "When one tries to estimate the genius of Sydney Smith, what strikes one most is his humour unaccompanied by melancholy. Most great humorists have been melancholy men, like Molière. Sydney Smith, on the other hand, was not a jester only in his books and in society. His wonderful high spirits were almost constantly with him in the home which they filled with happiness and laughter. The essence of his art is this volatile and airy spirit, soaring without trammel high above the labouring world, and discovering, from its familiar heights, mirthful resemblances in things where other men only saw incongruities. Boldness, freedom, vivacity, these are the characteristics of his humour."

The *Century* magazine enters upon a new year, and in it Mr. W. D. Howells begins a serial story, "The Rise of Silas Lapham." The opening situation, where the American interviewer and his victim are depicted, is rich in humour. Bartley is the interviewer. "I don't know as I know just where you want me to begin," said Lapham.—"Might begin with your birth; that's where most of us begin," replied Bartley. A gleam of humorous appreciation shot into Lapham's blue eyes." The dialogue between these two is extremely good.—Mr. Austin Dobson's verses on "The Old Sedan Chair" are very pretty; and General Beauregard's article on "The Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861," is an addition to military history.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is not below the ordinary standard this month. Mr. W. Crane's verses and his illustrations of them are excellent, even if the construction of some of his sentences is bewildering to a cursory reader.—"The Maletesta of Rimini" is a capital historical paper by A. Mary F. Robinson. This lady writer, while simple in her style, has the power to present forcibly and with grace to the reader the character of one of the most remarkable of men in Italian Mediæval history, Sigismund of Rimini.

The opening story in *Cornhill*, "Major Cornelius," though not without a certain pathos and humour, is scarcely on a level with its predecessors, and can hardly compare in point of interest with "Stepniak's" paper on "A Female Nihilist," where journalistic and literary art combine to point too sad a truth. *Cornhill* is, however, this month a very fair number.

A feature in *Temple Bar* for November, as well as October, is the prominence of two words in its fictional titles, though "Peril" and "Secret" are doubtless names to conjure with.—"Dr. Beroni's Secret" is thrilling enough in its way, but the conclusion is tame, stereotyped, and therefore disappointing. The historical paper, which has become a strong point with *Temple Bar*, is on "Mrs. Montagu," of eighteenth-century fame, and, if not as amusing as last month's on Lady Hamilton, is of considerable merit.

In *Longman's* Mr. Julian Sturgis writes what we may perhaps call a psychological sketch, "An Old Don." "The Old Don," as a result of long toil over the classics, evokes the true meaning of a very small word, and imparts it to a favourite pupil, who robs the Don of a triumph by making capital out of it for himself in his Final Schools.—Mr. Grant Allen's natural history article on "Honey Dew" is instructive and entertaining.

The *Theatre* has well-executed photographs of Miss Mulholland and Mr. Leonard Boyne. The most generally interesting paper is "Mrs. Kendal Speaks," which is satirical and critical as to the accomplished actress's recent address at Birmingham, and more especially of that part where she deprecates the mania of the theatrical profession for notoriety. The critic, we take it, has the best of the argument. There may be much truth, too, in this statement of his, "Players are too much inclined to make broad their phylacteries in dramatic drawing-rooms."

The *Asclepiad* is, if nothing else, a monument of Dr. B. W. Richardson's industry. He describes in popular form many phenomena of mental and physical disease. Most interesting, in view of current controversies, is what he gives us of Dr. Joseph Jones' statistics of the consequences of the abuse of alcohol in the State of Louisiana. New Orleans is a terrible offender; but this fact may be partially accounted for by its proximity to the equator.



"THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES," by Miss Yonge (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is a story intended to serve as a picture of court, city, and country life in the times of Wolsey, and more particularly introduces the "Ill May-Day" when the craftsmen of London broke out into open riot against their foreign rivals. That the authoress has succeeded in her aim we cannot say. The essential element of success in the difficult task of reproducing past times is that anything in the shape of research should be kept studiously out of sight—the reader should find the same sort of easy interest that he finds, almost as a matter of course, in a story of his own day. The historical novelist, while giving to picturesque episodes all their accidental colour of place and period, should nevertheless dwell upon those elements that make all periods kin, and show the identity of human nature always and everywhere. Miss Yonge has employed another method altogether. Taking the careers of two lads from the New Forest as conventional frame, she has set herself to drag in by the head or heels every historical character and every bit of preparatory reading for which she could find space. Thus Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet and King Harry himself flit across the pages, but are evidently introduced for the sake of not leaving them out of a tale. One would think that personalities like these, of whom every ordinary reader has so clear an impression, could hardly have been turned into shadows: yet so it fares with them in Miss Yonge's hands. Nor is the story itself interesting, or strong enough to carry its learning lightly: and the style of thought and speech, made up as it is of many periods, the present included, further hinders any effect of reality. Altogether, the tale cannot be regarded as anything but a piece of book-making—laborious enough, but not any the more successful for all the pains bestowed upon the manufacture. That its tone is excellent goes, of course, without saying.

Margaret Veley made an unquestionable success in "For Percival." But the merits of that work were not of a kind to be easily repeated or maintained, and in "Mitchelhurst Place" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) the authoress has attempted to rely too entirely upon their repetition. She was then deservedly praised for her skill in delineating the *minutiae* of life and character, for the evident closeness of her observation, and for her insight into the nature of seeming trifles. In the present novel, she deals with nothing but trifles, and seems bitten with the heresy that the first qualification for writing a novel is to have no story. Let heretics of this new school say what they will, a story is all-essential to interest, and readers will persist in suspecting authors who dispense with it of incapacity for invention. If anybody were to chronicle as fact the sayings and doings of the characters of "Mitchelhurst Place," he would only make people wonder at his thinking them worth mention outside the family circle: and surely the function of fiction is to select the wheat of interest from the chaff of dullness, or at least to render interesting what only seems to be dull. It is certainly not to choose dull and empty subjects by preference, and to adapt the style to the matter, or rather to the want of matter. Miss Veley's skill as a writer of English is great enough to make it needful to warn her against mistaking fluency for fullness, and words for ideas. The expansion of "Mitchelhurst Place" into its two volumes was no doubt easy to her, difficult as the feat must appear to less fluent pens: and the talent for easy writing about anything or nothing is anything but a desirable one. It assuredly

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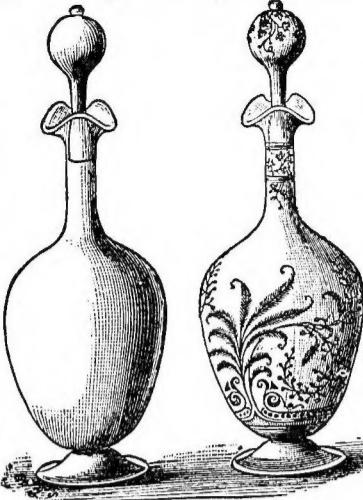
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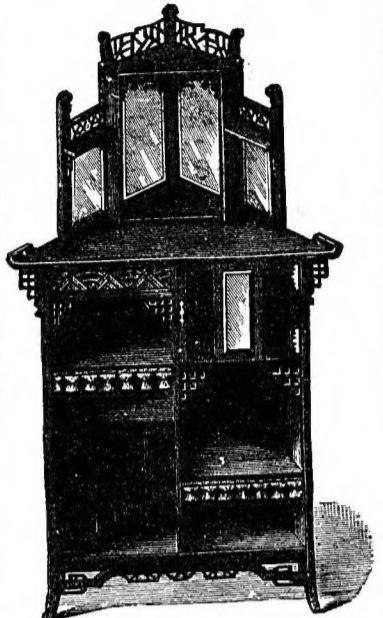
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THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM the VICEROY'S Chemists, Simla—January 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed Medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is implied into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleric Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,

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